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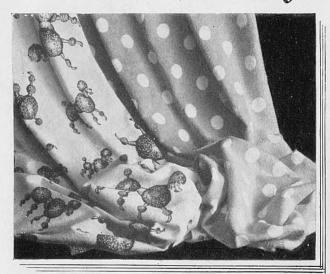
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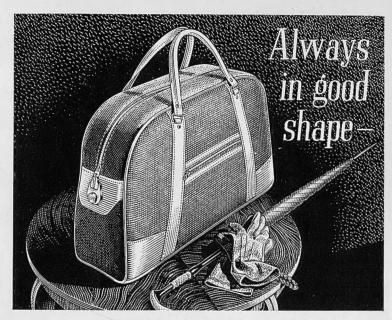
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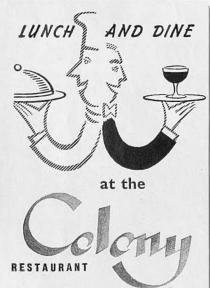
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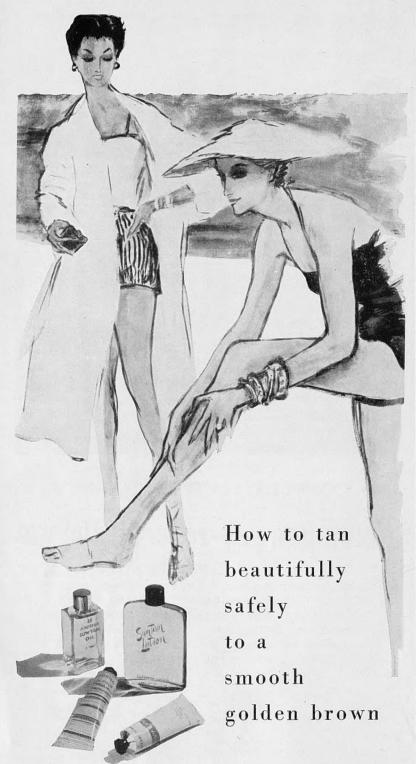
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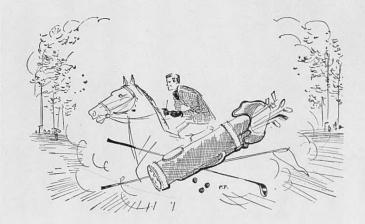
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Armstrong Jones

MISS JENNIFER STRATTON, who appears on our cover this week, is one of the year's débutantes and is wearing the dress in which she attended Queen Charlotte's Ball. She is the daughter of Major and Mrs. F. J. Stratton, of Baker's Farm, Shipley, in Sussex, and her father is a member of the Council of Industrial Design. Miss Stratton is a keen horsewoman and hunts regularly. Her great interest is amateur photography, both with an ordinary and with a cine-camera, and she has considered taking it up as a career. Before her presentation in March, she spent several months in Florence learning Italian. Although she is living in London for the season, she takes a practical interest in her father's farm

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From June 20 to June 27

June 20 (Wed.) The Queen and Prince Philip at the Royal Ascot Meeting (Royal Hunt Cup). Polo at Windsor (until 24th).

Dances: The Guards' Boat Club Ascot Ball. The Air League Ball, Dorchester Hotel. Worcester College, Oxford, Commemoration Ball.

June 21 (Thur.) The Queen and Prince Philip at the Royal Ascot Meeting (Gold Cup).Cricket: Second Test Match, England v. Australia

at Lord's (to 26th).

Dinners: Pilgrims Dinner at the Savoy for Mr. Harry Truman. Lord Mayor's Dinner to Archbishops and Bishops at the Mansion House.

June 22 (Fri.) The Queen and Prince Philip at the

Royal Ascot Meeting (Wokingham Stakes).

Dances: Countess Waldegrave (small dance) for
Lady Elisabeth and Lady Anne Waldegrave, at
Chewton Mendip, Somerset. The Hon. Mrs.
Frederick Hennessy and Mrs. Jonathan Blundell for Miss Susan Hennessy and Miss Georgina Blundell, at Harwood Lodge, Newbury. Mrs. Desmond Buxton (small dance) for Miss Annabel Buxton, at Hoveton Hall, Norfolk. Mrs. Geoffrey Eley and Mrs. Douglas MacLeod (small dance) for Miss Ianthe Eley and Miss Alexandra MacLeod, at Crosby Hall, Cheyne Walk. Summer Ball at Roehampton Club.

June 23 (Sat.) The Queen inspects 300th anniversary parade of Grenadier Guards, Windsor Castle. International Lawn Tennis Club of Great Britain

Dinner at the R.A.C. Club, Pall Mall.

Dances: Mrs. Anthony Harford (small dance) for her daughters, in Gloucestershire. The Cygnets' Ball, Claridge's. Phyllis Court Club, Henley, Midsummer's Eve Ball.

Racing: Ascot Heath.

June 24 (Sun.) Midsummer Day. International Lawn Tennis Club, reception at Hurlingham Club.

June 25 (Mon.) The Queen and Prince Philip at the Test Match at Lord's

ervice for holders of the V.C., Westminster Abbey. All-England Lawn Tennis Championships, Wimbledon (to July 7)

World International Golf Tournament at Wentworth (and 26th).

Anglo-Swedish Society Dinner-Dance at Claridge's,

attended by Prince Phillip.

Dances: Viscountess Kemsley and the Hon. Mrs.

Denis Berry for Miss Susan Berry, at Chandos

House, W.I. Mrs. Nicholas Kaye (small dance) for Miss Tessa Kaye, at The Garden House, Vale of Health, N.W.3.

Racing at Birmingham and Redcar (2 days).

June 26 (Tues.) The Queen reviews holders of the Victoria Cross, Hyde Park.

The Queen Mother at the Government's garden party for V.C.s at Marlborough House.

Golf: Ladies British Open Amateur Championship,

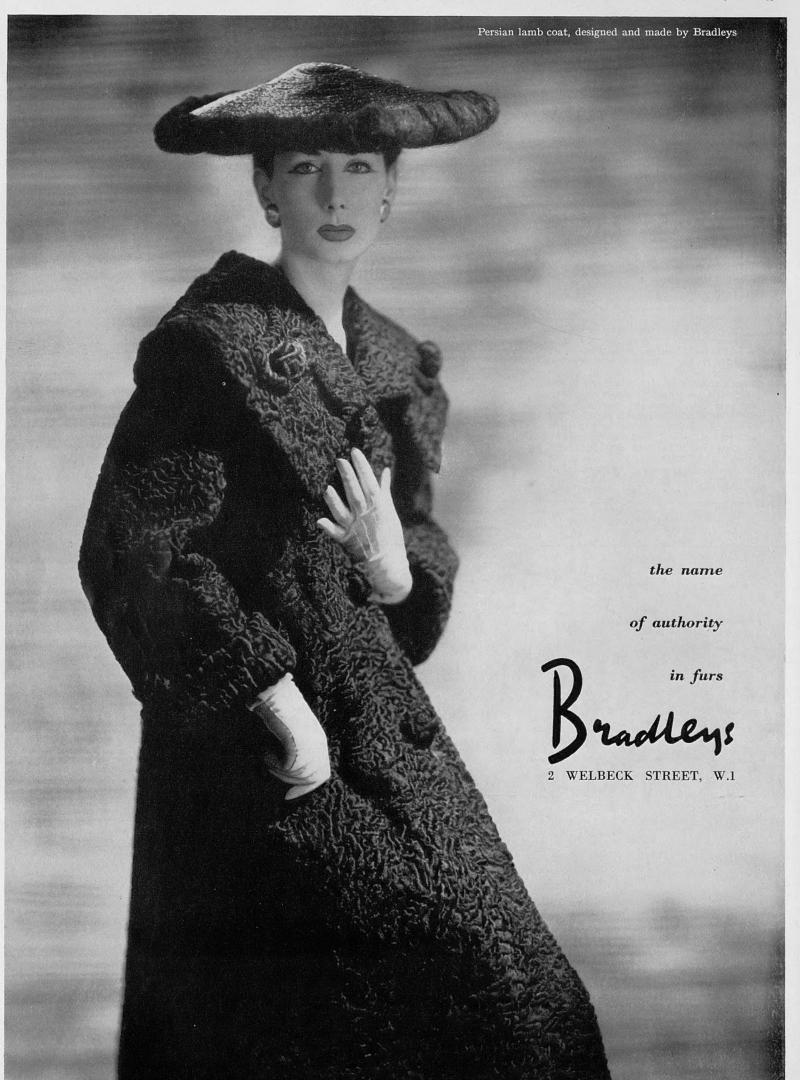
Sunningdale.
Dances: Lady Dorothea Head for Miss Tessa Head in London. Lady Hylton for her daughter, the Hon. Alice Jolliffe, at 5 St. James's Square. Mrs. Roger Ames and Mrs. Edward Poulton for Miss Clemency Ames and Miss Susan Poulton, Guards' Boat Club.

June 27 (Wed.) The Queen gives a dinner party at Buckingham Palace for Commonwealth Prime Ministers

The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress attend a Guildhall reception for holders of the V.C. Dances: Lady Mary Burghley and Mrs. J. C. Quinnell for their daughters, the Hon. Angela Cecil and Miss Annabella Drummond, at Claridge's. The Hon. Mrs. Legh for her daughter, the Hon. Katherine Palmer, Hyde Park Hotel. Racing at Newbury.

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Lord Carnegie and his future bride

THE Queen recently gave her consent to the marriage of her cousin Lord Carnegie with the Hon. Caroline Dewar, who are seen in the garden at Miss Dewar's home, Dupplin Castle, in Perthshire. Lord Carnegie is the son and heir of the 11th Earl of Southesk, who lives at Kinnaird Castle, Brechin.

His mother was H.H. Princess Alexandra, daughter of the late Princess Royal and the 1st Duke of Fife, and Lord Carnegie is also heir presumptive to the dukedom. His fiancée is Lord Forteviot's eldest child and has two brothers and a sister. Lord Carnegie served in Malaya with the Scots Guards



THE QUEEN AND PRINCE PHILIP went to the Stockholm Opera House on the third night of their visit to Sweden to witness a performance of Don Carlos, and are seen in the Royal Box with their host King Gustaf (left), Queen Louise, and Prince Wilhelm, the king's brother. Behind are three Royal grandchildren, Princess Desiree, Princess Birgitta and Princess Margaretha, with their uncle Prince Bertil

Social Journal

Jennifer

THE DERBY WEEK PARTIES

UEEN ELIZABETH the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret all in white, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Royal, the Duchess of Kent and her daughter Princess Alexandra (both in navy blue with touches of white) were present at Epsom to see the Derby run. The Queen and Prince Philip had to miss the meeting this year as they had already left in the Royal Yacht Britannia for their official visit to Stockholm and the Equestrian Olympics, about which I will be writing later.

The race was won by the favourite Lavandin, owned and bred by M. Pierre Wertheimer and trained in France by the brilliant young Mr. Alec Head. After the race M. Wertheimer went up to the Royal Box where he was congratulated on his success by the Queen Mother. Rain, which has been needed so badly for weeks all over the country, began to fall just before the race, which made conditions for the many thousands of spectators, as well as for the runners and riders, distinctly unpleasant. Among owners in the very big crowd were Lord Astor, Mr. H. J. Joel, the Earl and Countess of Durham, the Hon. Anthony and Mrs. Samuel, Major and the Hon. Mrs. Reggie Macdonald-Buchanan, the Hon. Jock and Mrs. Skeffington, Mr. R. B. Strasburger over from France and Prince

Aly Khan, who all had runners in the Derby. Others present included Prince George and Princess Anne of Denmark, the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, Lord and Lady Stavordale, Sir Malcolm and Lady McAlpine who had members of their family, and friends, to see the race from their box, and the Earl of Rosebery who was one of the stewards with the Duke of Norfolk, Sir Humphrey de Trafford

and the Earl of Derby.

Watching the racing from the Members' enclosure, which was very full, I saw Lady Mordaunt who came with Mr. and Mrs. Tom Blackwell, Mr. and Mrs. John Tyson of New York who came with Mr. and Mrs. Graham Bailey, the Earl and Countess of Portarlington, the Hon. Robin and Mrs. Cayzer, the latter looking very pretty in pink, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. James Hanbury, Mr. Dick Wilkins conversing with Mr. and Mrs. Derek Mullins, and the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire, the latter keeping very neat in spite of the weather, with a green chiffon veil tied over

There were many Derby week parties; among the most enjoyable of these were Mr. and Mrs. John Thursby's Derby Eve cocktail party, the dance which Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke gave at their home in Gilbert Street, and the coming-out dance which Major and Mrs. Victor Seely gave in their home, Queen's House, Cheyne Walk, for their débutante daughter Alexandra, both on Derby night.

The Thursbys' party at their beautiful Grosvenor Square flat has become an eve of the Derby institution to which their big circle of friends greatly look forward. It is always gay and amusing, and so very well arranged. Mrs. Thursby, who looked very chic in a printed blue silk frock, is a splendid hostess and her husband an excellent host.

Friends enjoying their very good party this year included the Duke of Devonshire, Lord and Lady Brownlow who are spending their time between their charming house in Kensington Square and Belton House their lovely Lincolnshire home, and the Earl and Countess of Dunraven, who are over from Ireland for a few weeks with their daughters Lady Melissa and Lady Caroline Wyndham-Quin.

THER friends from Ireland I met were Othe Hon, Randal and Mrs. Plunkett whose home, Dunsany Castle in Co. Meath, is one of the loveliest in Ireland, Mrs. Dermot McGillicuddy, Mr. Paddy McCann, and Mrs. John Alexander. Sir Noel Charles, who is over from his home in the South of France for a short while, was talking to Sir Eric Mieville and Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Miller, and I met Lord and Lady George Cholmondeley. The latter good-looking in red, was quietly hopeful about her horse Prince Moon, which happily won the St. James's Stakes at Epsom the next day.

Also there were Lord Ashcombe and his son and daughter-in-law the Hon. Harry and Mrs. Cubitt, Sir Simon and Lady Marks who have a lovely flat in the same block as the Thursbys, vivacious and gay Mrs. Sydney Beer, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Dunne, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mills the latter looking exceptionally chic in black, the Maharaja and Maharanee of Jaipur, Mr. Paul Channon, Cdr. Colin Buist, Mrs. Thursby's sister Mrs. Jean Garland, the Hon. William and Mrs. McGowan, Mr. and Mrs. Reggie Sheffield, Brig. Tony Pepys, Lady Pulbrook, who had arranged the beautiful flowers in all the rooms, the great American racing enthusiast Mrs. C. O. Iselin, Mr. David McCall, Mrs. Enid Cameron and Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort with his lovely wife who were later going on to the American Ambassador and Mrs. Aldrich's dance at Winfield House, at which the Queen Mother and other members of the Royal Family were present.

L another outstandingly good host and hostess whose parties always go with a tremendous swing. This time they gave a dance preceded by a dinner party of sixteen. Lady Willoughby de Broke looked lovely, wearing a white satin dress cleverly appliquéd with red. Beautiful flowers were again arranged in every room. Dancing to an excellent band took place in the first floor "L" shaped drawing-room. Lord Willoughby de Broke is the senior steward of the Jockey Club this year, so had chosen an appropriate night for this party, when many racing friends from France, America and other parts of the world could be present.

Among them Sir Chester and Lady Manifold over from Australia where he is chairman of the Victoria Committee, the Jockey Club of Australia, Mr. John D. Schapiro, President of the Laurel Park race course, who is over in Europe arranging invitations for their great international race in the autumn, Mr. Cornelius Whitney and his lovely wife, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kleberg, Mr. Alfred Vanderbilt, and Mr. and Mrs. John Hanes—all the men are leading members of the U.S. Jockey Club—M. and Mme. Marcel Boussac, and Col. W. J.



Bassano
MISS PHILIPPA HELEN TREMLETT,
younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs.
E. B. M. Tremlett of Noddings Farm,
Chiddingfold, Surrey, is engaged to
Capt. P. T. Miles, elder son of the late
Lt.-Col. W. T. Miles, M.C., and of Mrs.
W. T. Miles, of Poulton, Cirencester



MISS FIDELITY MARY SEEBOHM, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Derrick Seebohm, of Poynders End, Hitchin, Herts, has announced her engagement to Mr. David Russell Brooks, son of the Rev. W. S. Brooks and Mrs. Brooks of Chemin St. Joseph, St. Jean-de-Luz

Bobinski, who trains in France. He commanded the Polish Armoured Brigade with gallantry and distinction, winning the D.S.O. and bars in the last war.

Mr. and Mrs. John Thursby and many of the guests I mentioned at their party were also at this dance, and others I have not already named included the Cuban Ambassador and Mme. de Mendoza lovely in blue, the Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe, Lord and Lady Irwin, the Earl and Countess of Sefton, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, Mr. and Mrs. Arpad Plesch, Lord and Lady Balfour of Inchrye, the Earl and Countess of Derby (the latter in a short pink beaded evening dress), Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop Aldrich, Maj.-Gen. Sir Randle and Lady Feilden and Mrs. John Dewar.

Among those dancing were Earl and Countess Cadogan, Mr. and Mrs. John Hislop, the Hon. John and Mrs. Coventry, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, whom I had met at Epsom earlier in the day, and Prince Aly Khan.

MR. RORY AND LADY ELIZABETH MORE O'FERRALL, Mr. Nicko Collins, Mr. Bernard and Lady Margaret van Cutsem, Mr. Jack Joel, Major and Mrs. James Dance, Mrs. Brittain Jones in a spectacular black and white crinoline, Mr. and Mrs. John Profumo, and the Earl of Warwick who was having a long talk with Ann Lady Orr-Lewis, were also there.

In the dining-room enjoying supper, or later kedgeree and coffee, I saw Sir Richard and Lady Sykes, Maj.-Gen. and Mrs. John Combe, Lord Howard de Walden, one of the stewards of the Jockey Clüb, and Lady Howard de Walden who had dined with their host and hostess, Mr. Edward Paget one of the National Hunt stewards, and Mrs. Edward Paget, Mr. and Mrs. Frank More O'Ferrall, Capt. and Mrs. Charles Tremayne and Mr. and Mrs. James Weatherby talking to Viscountess Allendale who was wearing a magnificent long diamond necklace with her pastel satin evening dress; she and her husband had just come on from her brother Major Victor Seely's dance.

A yellow and white lined marquee with chandeliers and a dance floor had been cleverly built over part of Major and Mrs. Victor Seely's garden for the coming-out dance they gave for their daughter Miss Alexandra Seely, who wore a pretty white lace and organza dress. At the far end was a buffet and an opening to the rest of the garden where many guests sat out at candlelit tables under the tree to enjoy a cool drink.

It appeared that every débutante coming out this year was at this dance, and many young men, while there were also many older friends and the dance floor was packed for the first hour or so. Among those who gave dinner parties were Viscountess Allendale, Mrs. Edward Barford, the Hon. Mrs. Casey, Lady Claud Hamilton, Lady Salisbury-Jones, Viscountess Leverhulme, Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon, Lady Elizabeth Oldfield, Col. Dudley Norton, Mrs. Roger Peake, Mrs. Derek Schreiber, and Mrs. Edward Kirkpatrick who brought her son Sir Nicholas Nuttall and her very pretty niece Miss Susannah Shaw. Among those who had dined with their host and hostess were Maj.-Gen. Sir Stewart and Lady Menzies, Lady Doreen Prior-Palmer, Col. and Mrs. Humphrey Guinness, the Hon. William and Mrs. Rollo, Col. Anthony Leatham, just returned from Egypt, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Braga, who are over here for the summer, Miss Sally Hambro, Miss Charlotte Kleinwort, Mr. Robin Hoyer Millar, the Marquess of Hamilton, Mr. George Norrie, and the Hon. Angus Ogilvy. Space does not permit me to enlarge on what a very good dance this was.

SIR ARTHUR EVANS, The Master, presided at the dinner of the Worshipful Company of Glaziers and Painters of Glass at the Mansion House, which will be remembered by all who were present as a very enjoyable evening. Before the speeches, none of which was too long and all well delivered and amusing, a Loving Cup was drunk. After the Master had proposed the health of the Queen and other members of the Royal Family, past Master Mr. Frank Salisbury proposed the health of the Lord Mayor, Sheriffs and Corporation of London, to which the Lord Mayor Sir Cuthbert Ackroyd replied in his delightful easy manner.

The Earl of Selkirk, a first-class after-dinner

[Continued overleaf



MISS ELIZABETH NANCY RENNIE
WHITE, daughter of Maj.-Gen. and Mrs.
C. M. F. White of Bachelors, Laughton,
Sussex, has recently announced her
engagement to Mr. Peter John Chalk,
son of Mr. and Mrs. L. Chalk, of
Lower Pinsgrove, Hinksey Hill, Oxford



Desmond O'Neil

MRS. WILSON, Maj.-General R. C. Wilson of the U.S.A.F., and Mrs. K. C. Bond-Smith were among the guests at the Glaziers Company Dinner, described by Jennifer

speaker, deputising for Mr. Harold Macmillan, Chancellor of the Exchequer, who had been kept in the House of Commons, proposed the toast of the Company, to which Sir Arthur Evans responded. Sir Denys Lowson was not present owing to a bereavement that day, so Sir Graham Cunningham took his place, proposing "The Guests" in an amusing speech to which the Lord Bishop of Chichester Dr. George K. A. Bell made a scholarly response.

Magnificent gold plate adorned top table where the Lady Mayoress sat on the Master's left, and Lady Evans on the Lord Mayor's right. I saw the Brazilian Ambassador and Mme. de Souza-Leao Gracie, the Dominican Ambassador and Mme. de Thomen, the Marquess of Carisbrooke, Mrs. Bell, Sir Frederick and Lady Minter, Lady Forres, Lady Plender, Lady Cunningham, Sir Gerald and Lady Wollaston, Mr. Leslie and the Hon. Mrs. Gamage, Capt. Philip Glover, R.N., and the Hon. Mrs. Glover, Lord and Lady Nathan, Mr. and Mrs. Nubar Gulbenkian, Maj.-Gen. and Lady Ida Johnson, and Major and Mrs. Edward Christie-Miller.

* * *

In the country the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Samuel and Mrs. Johnson-Houghton gave a cocktail party at Mrs. Samuel's lovely home

Heywood, near Cobham, for Miss Dawn Johnson-Houghton who is also making her début this year. Many friends came on after racing at nearby Sandown Park. Unfortunately it began to rain so that guests were not able to see the beautiful garden. The young friends at this party included Miss Victoria Elliot, who came with her parents Major Alexander and Lady Ann Elliot, Miss Verity-Anne Pilkington, Mr. Philip Roughton, Miss Virginia Todd, Mr. Robert Buxton, Miss Anne Peto Bennett, the Hon. Vere Harmsworth, Mr. Bill Fitzgerald and Mr. George Philippi who came over from Sandhurst, and many more.

Quite a few older friends in the racing world came too, including Sir Malcolm and Lady McAlpine who are near neighbours, Mr. and Mrs. Fulke Walwyn, her eldest sister Mrs. Derek Parker Bowles and her husband, Mr. John Baillie who brought his nephew Mr. John Bird, the Hon. Mrs. Roger Mostyn and Mr. and Mrs. Ginger Dennistoun accompanied by their young daughter.

* * *

I FLEW to Stockholm in time for the second day of the State visit of the Queen and Prince Philip. They had been given a tremendous welcome and everywhere one found streets gaily bedecked with flags and red, white and blue flowers, and when the Royal party went out these streets were lined with cheering crowds and children waving Union Jacks.

The highlights of the second day were firstly the luncheon in honour of the Royal visitors given by the chairman, Mr. Carl Albert Anderson, and councillors of Stockholm City Council in the magnificent City Hall. To reach it the Queen and Prince Philip, with the King and Queen of Sweden, embarked at the Palace in the picturesque Royal barge Vasaorden, and were rowed across to Riddarholmen where they landed outside the building.

The setting for the luncheon was most impressive. The very high Golden Hall on the first floor, with a wide terrace along one side on which open long French windows, has walls of gold mosaic which are strikingly lovely. Candles in pedestal candelabra and wall brackets were lit all round the hall, and a long gilded mirror lay flat in the centre of top table where yellow rose heads tied with blue violas had been strewn.

On this very hot day the Queen looked fresh and cool, wearing a pale blue printed silk dress with a little hat to match. Queen Louise also looked charming in palest grey lace. Prince Bertil, Prince Wilhelm, Princess Sibylle and her three pretty daughters were all present as

well as members of the Diplomatic Corps and the government and personalities of the city. There were no speeches but before luncheon began we drank a toast to the Queen and one to King Gustaf. During luncheon a choir sang at intervals and at the end Jussi Bjorling, one of the world's greatest voices, sang

Later the Queen and Prince Philip attended a reception at the Tennisstation given by the British Ambassador, Sir Robert Hankey, and Lady Hankey with the heads of the Commonwealth missions in Stockholm and their wives, for Commonwealth citizens living in Stockholm.

THE gala performance at the Royal Opera House was a brilliant spectacle. Gorgeous red, white and blue flowers decorated the rather ornate theatre, many of the women wore tiaras and lovely jewels, and the men their orders and decorations. In the Royal Box beside the stage, the Queen, wearing an exquisite diamond tiara and a sapphire and diamond necklace with her cream and gold evening dress, sat between King Gustaf and Prince Philip who had his aunt Queen Louise, elegant in pink with a diamond tiara, on his Prince Wilhelm sat next to Queen Louise and Princess Sibylle next to the King. Princess Margaretha also wore a diamond tiara with her red dress. Her sisters Princess Birgitta in blue and Princess Désirée in white were also in the Royal Box.

In the circle I saw Earl Mountbatten wearing his blue ribbon of the Order of the Garter with an impressive array of decorations, the Duke of Beaufort, Mary Duchess of Devonshire wearing her magnificent tiara with a pastel dress, and Sir Michael Adeane, the Hon. Martin Charteris, Miss Kathryn Stanley and Lt.-Cdr. Michael Parker were also sitting near.

During the interval in the Grand Foyer, with its mirrored and gilded walls and fine crystal chandeliers, I saw the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, with the Swedish Prime Minister, Mr. Tage Erlander, and their Minister for Foreign Affairs, Mr. Osten Unden.

Major Mark Milbanke was talking to Mr. Gunnar Hägglöf, the very able Swedish Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, who had been partly responsible for the well-planned arrangements of this visit. Also in the audience were Vice-Admiral Sir Connolly Abel Smith, Vice-Admiral Ericson, Mr. John Curle, Counsellor at our Embassy, and Mrs. Curle, and lovely Swedish born Princess Bismarck wearing magnificent jewels.



Miss P. Plowden, Miss S. Barry and Mr. S. Bradley



Mr. Paddy Davies with Annabel and Mrs. Heaton with Mark



Miss Jill Moseley and Miss Judy Brooks were among the guests



Miss S. Kidman Bird, Miss A. Wynne-Williams and Miss M. Brand

Next day the Queen and Prince Philip drove in state with the King and Queen of Sweden to the stadium for the opening ceremony of the XVI Olympic Equestrian Games, about which I will write more next week.

Miss Sheira Grant-Ferris, only daughter of W/Cdr. Grant-Ferris, M.P., and Mrs. Grant-Ferris, made a very pretty bride at her marriage to Mr. John Trehearne, son of the late Mr. Edward Trehearne and Mrs. Trehearne. She wore a picture gown of white satin embroidered with diamanté and drop pearls, with her tulle veil held in place by a high coronet of pearls. The wedding, which took place at St. James's, Spanish Place, was conducted by Bishop George Craven. The bride was attended by Miss Phyllida Plowden in a dress of pink organdie with a blue satin cummerbund and a headdress to match, also by five children, Annabel and Mark Davies, Mark and Sarah Jane Heaton and Sophia Humphreys who wore white with blue sashes. Capt. Rivett Carnac was best man.

The wedding was in the morning and the reception took place at Claridge's where a buffet luncheon was served to the guests who numbered about five hundred. They included a large number of young friends who came to wish the bride and bridegroom every happiness and to speed them on their honeymoon, which is being spent abroad.

The Eton Beagles Ball is to take place at the Dorchester on July 13 (the Friday of the Eton and Harrow Match at Lord's). The Duchess of Gloucester is patron and the Duke of Northumberland president. Vice-presidents include the Earl of Ancaster, Viscount Cowdray, Sir Ian Walker, and M.F.H.s Earl Fitzwilliam, Sir Hugh Arbuthnot, Sir Henry Tate and Capt. Ronnie Wallace.

The Eton Beagles are a wonderful pack, and often the nursery where many a good amateur huntsman has learned his first lessons in hunting hounds. The present Master is Mr. W. D. Heber-Percy, son of Lt.-Col. Cyril Heber-Percy, joint-Master of the Cottesmore, and he is extremely keen on doing everything to further the well-being of the pack during his time at Eton. There is a good cabaret at the ball and the tickets include an excellent dinner. They can be obtained from Lt.-Col. C. Heber-Percy, M.F.H., Old Hall, Market Overton, Rutland, or from Miss Foote, 2 Holland Park, W.11.



A JUNE WEDDING IN LONDON

MR. JOHN TREHEARNE, son of the late Mr. E. S. Trehearne and of Mrs. Trehearne of Purley, Surrey, married at St. James's, Spanish Place, Miss Sheira Grant-Ferris, daughter of W/Cdr. R. G. Grant-Ferris, M.P., and Mrs. Grant-Ferris of Circnester. There was a reception at Claridge's



Mrs. Trehearne, the bridegroom's mother, W/Cdr. Grant-Ferris and Mrs. Grant-Ferris, parents of the bride, wait to receive their guests



Miss Julia de la Hey was talking to Mr. Sandy Kay



Miss Patsy Bagshawe and Miss Sheila O'Brien



A. J. Swacbe Miss Elizabeth Rees-Williams with Mr. John Kendall



The Ambassadors of Colombia and Nic-aragua, and the Costa Rican Minister



Lady Ackroyd, wife of the Lord Mayor, was here talking to Sir Harry Brittain



Mrs. Jooste and Mr. G. P. Jooste receiving two of their guests, Lady Knollys and Lord Knollys

UNION DAY RECEPTION

THE High Commissioner for the Union of South Africa and Mrs. G. P. Jooste gave a reception for nearly 1,000 people at South Africa House to celebrate Union Day. The guests included Cabinet Ministers



Earl Howe, the Mayor and Mayoress of Westminster, Countess Howe and Mrs. Tankerville-Chamberlayne







Mr. R. A. Butler, Lord Privy Seal, was in conversation with Mr. John Dodge and Mrs. Dodge

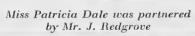


Col. Basil Ware, club secretary, and Mrs. A. H. Rhodes

A JUBILEE BALL

THE Phyllis Court Club on the banks of the Thames at Henley celebrated its Golden Jubilee with a most enjoyable ball. The club stands on a spot where Vikings used to land during their sorties up the river

Mr. Anthony Wynyard in company with Mrs. P. Slater



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mond O'Neill Miss Hope Messer dancing with Major Richard Nicholls



Mr. John Handcock and Miss Peggy Bigg were two of the guests



Mrs. Bradshaw, Mr. H. R. E. Bradshaw, club chairman, Mr. H. Bloomer and Miss A. Wilkey



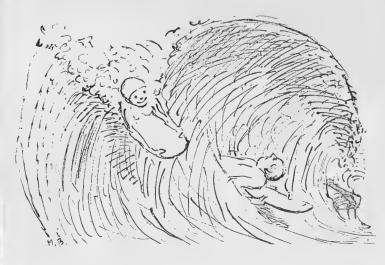
Miss Patricia John, Mr. Geoffrey Try, Miss Jean Schnadhorst and Mr. James Turner



A surfer balanced expertly on a hollow wooden board coasts shorewards on the crest of a Pacific roller at Bondi beach, Sydney

KEEP YOUR FACE DOWN TO THE BOARD

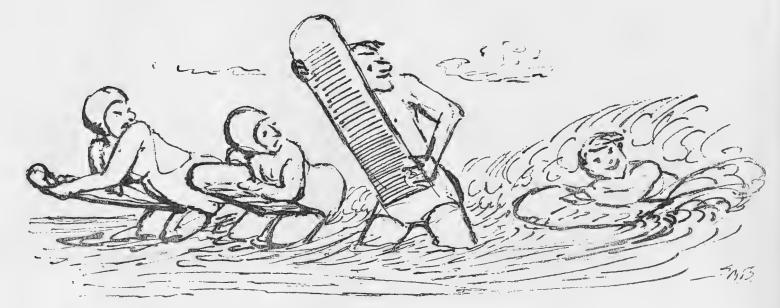
VERNON BARTLETT, famous political commentator, writes of the joys of surfriding. The drawings are by his son, Maurice Bartlett



When the reek of petrol and hot oil makes the cities intolerable I shall take a train, crowded with others as hopeful as myself, through the leisurely green of the West Country to the Atlantic coast. To some beach with wide, flat sands, separated from sea as wine-dark as any that Homer wrote about, by a stretch of surf. If I am lucky, there will be great waves rolling in one after the other; so clear that one often can see the ling swimming in them just before they break—and, surfboard in hand, I shall wade out through the swift, shallow water to leap to the crest of some great wave just as its long, straight line breaks into an avalanche of bubbling foam which will cast me on the wet golden sand like a piece of battered old driftwood.

Staid, respectable, uncomprehending people will look with bewilderment to see me running back, with a schoolboy's lack of dignity, for more. And I shan't care a twopenny damn, for soon the tide will go out, or will come in too far, for good surfing; or the sea will become as calm as the non-surfers would like it always to be; or I shall be too cold, or too hungry, to take another wave. And if it is madness to enjoy beyond all words the excitement of catching the right wave and the exhilaration of racing face downwards on my board through the surf—if this is madness, then I'm never so happy as when I am mad.

But I have enough sanity and enough kindliness towards my fellow men to want them to share my joy—even though Britain's few good surfing beaches are becoming uncomfortably crowded. For among the uncomprehending observers there are many who would clearly like to comprehend. They realize that there must be some overwhelming attraction about surfing, and would like to share in it. They see how some people, crouching in ungainly postures, clutching their surf boards, peering anxiously over their shoulders at the advancing waves, nevertheless move forward only two or three yards. They see others who nonchalantly pick out just the right wave at just the right moment, and glide quickly past these misfits in the surfing world. How is it done? How can one learn to do it?





Surf-riding in Honolulu or Australia or other parts of the world is very much more spectacular than in North Cornwall, North Devon or other British beaches which doubtless exist, but which I do not know (although I would like to hear of them). Their runs are much longer and their waves are much stronger, but they have not the wonderful clearness of the Cornish sea. Even more important, they cannot be reached from our great cities in a few hours by train or by car. We have to make the best of what we have, and it is very good indeed.

The beach? Most important of all, for there are not very many so flat that the waves retain much of their strength for, say, two hundred yards after they have broken. Even on the best beaches the state of the tide matters a great deal: it is seldom much good for surfing when it is very high and it may be dangerous when it is too low. If the beach is too wide, the waves may break too unevenly (although the two or three miles of sand at Woolacombe in North Devon can provide some of our best surfing). If the beach is too narrow, there may be dangerous currents at the sides. But a narrowing beach which adds to the force of the waves without setting up cross-currents from the cliffs—Polzeath at half-tide for example—may give you waves you will never forget.

The board? Not nearly as important as bad surfers would have you believe—they blame their tools for their own shortcomings. A man who knows his job will travel much farther with no board at all than a beginner with the most expensive board curled up elegantly in front. An oak board may seem too heavy to lug about after, say, a full hour in the water; a plywood one may warp when you leave it to dry in the sun. But neither will make much difference to your tendency to sink or surf.

What, then, *does* make a good surf-rider? Physical strength and courage matter only when you become adventurous, and go out into deep water to catch the larger waves just as they rear themselves up, a terrifying wall of water, to curl over and break. But one can get all the fun most people need by taking big waves after they have already broken and have started on their long strong run to the shore.

You need two qualities above all. One is the ability to choose the right wave. A wave which seems to raise the whole level of the sea behind it, so that it has enormous force to propel your not inconsiderable weight. A wave which stretches right across the bay, and is therefore not just a creature of local circumstance, with no strength and volume behind it. A wave which has rolled across hundreds of miles of ocean to provide your pleasure before it ends as ripples on the sand.

But, having chosen your wave, you have to know what to do with it. I doubt if anyone can be a good surf-rider who has no sense of belonging to the sea, of being part of the wave. If you flop down too far in front of it, it will merely sweep over you and leave you spluttering but almost stationary. If you take it a split second after it has passed you, the result will be different only in that you will not have advanced at all. Nor is it very useful to throw yourself down on the wave from a great height. But each wave has a point of maximum forward pressure, a point at which the weight behind it is at its greatest. And if

you can thrust yourself forward just at that point of maximum pressure, the wave will carry you onwards until you are floundering on the sand like a small—a smallish—whale.

Your own forward thrust, to make you part of the wave, is just as important as the follow-through at tennis. It isn't easy. The best surf-riders often miss their waves. But once you have caught your first wave, you are lost. You will not walk back for the next wave; you will run, and you will repeat that run until you are so tired that you can hardly stand, and from that moment onwards, much of the zest will have gone out of the conventional bathe, the gentle swim in a calm sea, even the dive off rocks into clear, deep water.

QUCH is the price you must pay if you want to become one of those I lunatics who deliberately wait until the tide is so low that they have a long walk across the beach; who refuse to sit huddled indoors when the windows rattle in the wind; who may even go to the extreme of choosing their holidays so late in the year that the equinoctial gales may give them that one wave bigger than all the others they have ever known.

You know people who lovingly take out their skis in summer to remind themselves of Austria or Switzerland? That's what I do in winter to my battered old surfboard.



The West coast offers the best opportunities for surf-riding in Britain. Here are two enthusiasts at Newquay in Cornwall



Mr. Robert Ferguson, Honorary Secretary of the Royal Scottish Dance Society (London Branch), and Miss Louise Gilmour

HIGHLAND FLING

THE annual ball of the Royal Scottish Country Dance Society (London Branch) was held at the Hyde Park Hotel. Some 250 members and their friends enjoyed a programme of dancing until 2 a.m.



Mr. W. J. Ireland and Mrs. Ireland taking part in one of the reels



and

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Miss Pat Webb and Mr. Ian Pringle



Miss J. I. Stewart, London chairman, and Mr. J. Armstrong



Mr. John Macaulay and Miss Daphne Fowles



Miss Giuliana Gotelee and Mr. David Thomas



Mr. David Dewar, Miss Helen Taylor, Mr. Alec Phillips, Mrs. Dewar, Mr. Robert Kimberley and Miss Sylvia Streit



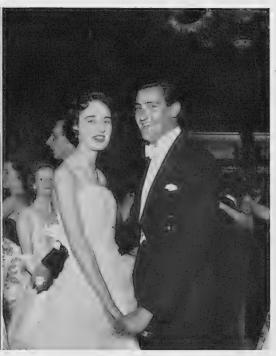
Lady Lowson and Miss Gay Lowson waiting to receive their guests

A MAYFAIR COMING-OUT

THE HON. LADY LOWSON recently gave a dance for her daughter Miss Gay Lowson at Claridge's. Gay is one of this year's debutantes, and made a charming hostess to the six hundred guests, among whom were many other debutantes and their escorts



Desmond O'Neill Mr. Michael Wigram, Miss Alison Bradford and Mr. Gay Gardner



Miss Ann Johnson was partnered by Mr. Stephen Charkham



The Hon, Michael Spring-Rice and Miss Gill Carleton-Brown

Miss Josephine Winham and Mr. A. Talbot-Rice





Miss A. Battiscombe, Mr. David Coleridge, Mrs. Coleridge and Mr. A. Coleridge

Mr. Tim Elwes talking to the Hon. Susan Remnant and Miss Caroline Sykes





"We're out of dwarf's hair, dearie. Can we substitute?"

Roundabout

O Cyril Ray

MIAT goes on beneath the pavements of London I have not hitherto thought it profitable to enquire. Much must be squalid, and much of interest only to those of a more scientific turn of mind than mine. But I enjoyed finding myself, the other day, two floors below the pavements of Regent Street, in the cellars of the Café Royal, where a quarter of a million bottles await their predestined end.

The Café Royal's maître caviste, or headcellarman, is George Elliott, who has some thirty-three years' bottle-age himself—he has worked in the cellars since 1923—and remembers when the cellar was only one floor down, and wines were sent up to the old café, with its red plush benches, its marble-topped tables, and its caryatids, in one of those ancient rope-hauled lifts. Those were the days when rich habitués kept their own stock of wines in their own bins; Mr. Justice Horridge, for instance, had to sell his private burgundies back to the management, when he married a wife who preferred champagne.

There was some point, then, in white wines being plunged into buckets of ice at the table, for the main cellars are not particularly cool. Nowadays, the immediate reserve of still and sparkling white wines is kept in a specially cooled room, where the gold foil at the necks of the champagne bottles winks and beckons at

you from the bins. Icing them further does more harm than good, except for the sweetest of Sauternes.

So it is as I've long suspected; in a well-conducted restaurant, the ice-bucket is a supererogatory piece of chichi, just as balloon glasses are for brandy, especially when they are heated at a flame; and just as the wicker cradle is for claret, unless the bottle has been put in it at the bin, and is decanted from it at one unbroken operation of the hand—otherwise the lees are simply swished from heel to neck and back again.

But Mr. Elliott agreed with Monsieur Jules, the resident director, who has

almost as long a service with the restaurant, that nowadays there is too much concern with the trappings of wine-drinking, and not enough with the wine itself.

Monsieur Jules, who is an Italian from Como, an Alpinist for recreation, and whose real name is Giulio Peduzzi, might be a Bordelais, all the same, in his enthusiasm for clarets-"the true, the honest wine!" he exclaimed, kissing his fingers. He sent to my table, after my cellar-stroll, a bottle of Château Plince de Pomerol 1947, and when I complimented him on it he jibbed at my tribute to his scholarship. "No, no," he said, "I'm not a claret expert: only a claret-lover."

Who would have thought to see a whole page of a Sotheby's catalogue of rare printed books and manuscripts given up to a book by Lenin? The item is a fine copy of the first work by Lenin to be printed outside Russia (in Geneva in 1897), and the first to survive in its entirety; it is marked "extremely rare"; and I have no doubt that it will fetch a high price in Bond Street on Tuesday.

And if any of my readers indulge in the hobby of hunting for rare books, and in the hopes of profit, let me advise them to look for Workers of the World Unite! Explanation of the Law on Factory Fines, printed at the Geneva Press of the Union of Russian Social Democrats—except that the title on the wrapper is printed in Russian characters, and is pronounced RABOCHIE VSYEKH STRAN, SOYE-OBYASNYENIYE DINYAITYES: ZAKONA O SHTRAFAKH.

No doubt some enterprising business-man has already considered turning polo into a mass spectacle, with covered stands rising steeply around a floodlit field, and cheer leaders chanting, "Cow them, Cowdray!" or "Win, win, win, Windsor! The game would lend itself to the full treatment, for it is fast, exciting, and pretty to watch, and the rules and the tactics would be the easiest things in the world to a public algebraically-minded enough to master the offside rule at soccer and the commutations and permutations of the pools.

I hope, though, that it won't happen. Not that I am against pleasures being made popular, but part of the charm of watching polo-in this country, at any rate—is the country-house-cricket sort of informality that attends it. There is a mere ripple of hand-clapping for a goal; people stroll around the ground to greet their friends; and nobody gawps at a Queen who has come to see her husband play, or pesters a goal-scorer for his autograph.

I have found, this summer, that one of the pleasantest, and even one of the cheapest, ways to spend a Sunday afternoon is to watch the polo at Cowdray. Given one of those fine, teasing, English days that only pretend to be fickle, when sunshine and cloud-shadow play tag with each other across the grass, and the trees, as matronly themselves as cumulus clouds,



KEN ROSEWALL, the Australian player, is considered to be one of three most likely to be the singles champion at Wimbledon this year. He disappointed many hopes in only reaching the semi-finals in 1955, but was a finalist in the men's doubles with Neil Fraser. Rosewall, who is a player of spectacular brilliance to watch, won his country's junior singles championships first in 1950 at the age of fifteen. He was in the Davis Cup team from 1953 onwards and last year was ranked as Australia's No. 1 player. Other victories last year included runner-up in the United States singles championships and winner of the London grass court championships. He was born in Sydney

might be by Constable, and the sky by Boudin; the galloping figures in their gay shirts-red and yellow and blue-look almost enamelled in their brilliance against the green, like horsemen in a Persian miniature-which is proper enough, for Persia is where polo comes from.

There are dark and fiercely moustached Pakistanis among the players, and exotic beauties in filmy, jewel-bright saris among the English girls in their summer frocks, but the general picture is essentially English: behind you is the ruined castle, and the clop of bat and ball—for here, too, is village cricket, beneath the castle walls. I wondered, the other afternoon, what would happen if a batsman clouted a ball for six on to a polo pony's head. It would be an improbably big hit, but what a feat to be a bore about for the rest of one's life!

SEASONAL NIGHTMARE

Gracing my party are the young And beautiful. There is a bar, Good music, food—what does it lack? "Je ne sais quoi?" Je ne sais pas.

—Lorna Wood

I dined recently as a guest of the biggest landowner in England-which is not to say, as you might suppose, Her Majesty or the Duke of Westminster, but the Church Commissioners for England, who own the not inconsiderable amount of almost a quarter-of-a-million English acres (they have just bought their first four thousand Scottish ones), on which stand more than a thousand sizeable farms.

As landlords in such a big way, and anxious not entirely to be absentee landlords, the Commissioners have revived the excellent old custom by which, at rent-paying time, tenants used to be entertained to food and drink. With so many acres to cover, they expect to meet the tenants of each county perhaps once in three years—the dinner at which I found myself assisting was the seventh in the new series, which began at Canterbury in 1954, and the first to be held in Somerset, where the Commissioners own twelve thousand acres, some of them estates with such bucolically West Country names as Nyland cum Balcombe and Cary Fitzpaine and where, the other night, seventy-five Somerset farmers sat down to dinner in a marquee on the lawns of the Bishop's Palace at Wells, banked with flowers, and lighted by candles in Georgian candlesticks.

From where I sat I could see, through the open entrance to the marquee, the evening sun slanting on to a corner of the Palace, and the jackdaws wheeling to and from their hidey holes in its walls. Inside the marquee, a brave parade of English
—indeed, of West Country—food was as bravely deployed and despatched. The salmon was from the Severn, and the cold sirloin, cut from a beast raised on the Commissioners' land at Charlton Mackrell, was carved not by a machine but by a knife held in a human hand, so that its marbled slices were thick and moist, instead of dark, dry, and wafer-thin.

With the beef went, not frozen peas, but a salad; the cream with the strawberries had been clotted in the next county; and the Cheddar cheese had been made at a farm only a mile or so away. As was proper to a Somerset sit-down, the biscuits were Bath Olivers; and the wines had been shipped and bottled by Harveys of Bristol.

ONLY what I took to be tinned soup and knew to be bottled mayonnaise brought the feast below an almost completely forgotten high standard of serious English eating: the Church Commissioners are doing more even than fostering good relations with their tenants if they can continue thus to revive a robust tradition of unprocessed, unpreserved food, freshly cooked, that has almost died, even in the very countryside where beeves are raised vegetables grown, and eggs-for mayonnaise, let me remind caterers-are continually being laid. I can't remember a better public meal in England, and in twenty years only a couple as good.

Before I left Wells I went into a shop to buy a picture-postcard of the cathedral. The man behind the counter nodded at the pictured West front and said, "Nice little job, that." Thought a bit, and added, "Brings in a tidy bit of business, too."



Mrs. J. Fleitz (U.S.A.)



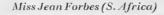
Miss S. Fry (U.S.A.)



Miss A. Gibson (U.S.A.)



Miss Darlene Hard (U.S.A.)





ADVANTAGE TO LADIES

FRANK SHAW

THE Championships begin at Wimbledon on Monday, for the seventieth time. From the four corners of the earth—thirty-seven countries in all—the lawn tennis giants have come here again to battle for the most coveted honours the game has to offer. But come who will and triumph who may, Wimbledon's Fortnight remains always immaculately the same, unruffled by the new interests that annually stimulate critics' pens and whet spectators' appetites.

This year, and not for the first time, the ladies have stirred even more advance interest and speculation than the men, even before their fashion intentions have been published. And the main talking point is that a coloured girl Miss Althea Gibson, of New York, may well win Wimbledon as decisively as Miss Eartha Kitt has conquered Leicester Square, and become the first coloured holder of a Wimbledon title, the first coloured life-member of the All England Club.

But for my part, despite her spectacular advance and her emphatic Manchester victory, I doubt if the Harlem girl can quite manage it this year.

Manchester, Paris and Rome are not Wimbledon. She would again need to beat in succession at least two, probably three, of five Americans officially ranked above her in the United States all as anxious and determined as she, all playing an equivalent "power game", and all with invaluable Centre Court experience.

Miss Louise Brough has been the champion four times already and is back at the age of thirty-three to defend the crown she won last year. The ambidextrous Mrs. Beverly Fleitz was the narrow loser of that final but would probably win were it to be replayed, as Miss Brough was compelled to play a game completely foreign to her. Miss Shirley Fry was a youngster in pigtails when she first came to Wimbledon just after the war. She was the runner-up to Miss Doris Hart in 1951, and now that Miss Hart has become a professional she is the top ranking American.

The others ranked above Miss Gibson are Mrs. Dorothy Knode, of their Wightman Cup team, and Mrs. Barbara Davidson, while immediately below her is Miss Darlene Hard, the chunky youngster who reached the semi-final stage a year ago. With seven such players in the field, can anyone doubt that America will take the crown for the thirteenth successive time? Our Miss Mortimer, who has alone beaten Miss Gibson this year, and her colleagues will do very well if they earn two places in the last eight.

Last year at this time I had a sneaking feeling for Mrs. Fleitz, and her chance looks even better this time, without Miss Hart to beat.

FORTUNATELY, the fascination of Wimbledon is not derived only from the ultimate victories. Always there are new faces to study, new fashions to appraise. A year ago the crowds flocked to see Senorina Lea Pericoli, who displayed style in frilly fashion as well as in stroke, and they were enchanted by the blonde Miss Hard's gay laughter at her own mistakes—a carefree attitude that unhappily is not now so obvious.

But Miss Daphne Seeley from Australia is a newcomer with the refreshing outlook that the game can be fun, and there will be great interest next week in Miss Jean Forbes, the South African "giant killer" who was too young to play last year, as our own Miss Christine Truman is this season.

We have our young hopefuls in Miss Ann Haydon and Miss Sheila Armstrong, worthy to challenge the best of their age from other nations. The attractive Buding sisters, the Misses Edda and Ilse, are Rumanian by birth, Argentinian by training (Edda was their No. 1 player last year) but now, by nomination, West German.

For me, however, the early big attraction will be the appearance of the lady from Mexico with the intriguing name of Senorita De Belausteguigoitia. It should be well worth the price of daily admission to hear an English umpire roll that one round his tongue throughout a long match with a few prolonged advantage games. I hope her tennis is good, too, and that she goes far.





Mrs. S. M. Bolton, non-playing British captain, with the Curtis Cup

GOLF TRIUMPH

BRITAIN beat the U.S.A. for the second time in this event at Prince's Golf Course, Sandwich. Left: Miss Angela Ward (G.B.) plays a chip up to the green at the 18th



Miss M. Downey (U.S.A.) and her opponent, Miss A. Ward (G.B.)



Mrs. G. Valentine (G.B.) being congratulated by Miss Patricia Lesser (U.S.A.)



Miss B. Romack, of the United States team, watching a match

Miss P. Riley (U.S.A.) congratulates Mrs. R. Smith (G.B.)





Priscilla in Paris

A NIGHT-LIGHT **MAGNIFIQUE**

THE City Fathers have played at restaging the Creation. Only in a tentative, modest and respectful way of course, but quite successfully!

For a few moments the other night every "glim" was "doused" on the Champs-Élysées and during a short, panic-stricken spell we had the illusion that the years had rolled backwards and that we were waiting, in darkness, for the wail of the sirens. But the City Fathers, from their seats in a stand outside one of the big hotels where they had dined, with their good ladies and the notabilities of the Elysian fields, proudly cried: "Let there be light," pressed a button and, most

dazzlingly, light was.

A great, white luminiferous flare blazing down from the 250 new lampadaires that tower above the ground, nearly nine metres high, and colour the pale, early, summer foliage to a gorgeous emerald. Martial music accompanied the light. The fanfare of the mounted Garde républicaine headed a cortège of floats and carriages in which personages wearing costumes that dated from 1856 to 1956 had taken seats. There was even a prehistoric Panhard, the City Fathers having had rather a weakness for sleeve-valve engines in the early days of this century. The procession closed with twelve ultra-modern juggernauts occupied by some of the loveliest mannequins of Paris wearing the most recent creations.

JUST now, with few parties arranged, entertainment is to be found in the streets. The rue de faubourg Saint-Honoré is giving its annual display of "pictorial shop windows." The theme this year is: "Parisian celebrities, past and present." As usual it is Mme. Yvonne de Brémond d'Ars, the famous antiquarian, who has been most ambitiousand successfully so-with her very beautiful setting for Saint Geneviève who is the patron saint of Paris. She is represented on the terrace of her house on the upper slopes of Montmartre in the year 452. It is a beautiful summer morning and Geneviève, in her flowing robe of white linen, is contemplating the misty panorama of her city.

A well-known couturier who made Jean Cocteau's dress uniform when that enfant terrible of French literature was elected to the Académie française naturally has made "Jean'



DONNA PAOLA SANJUST DI TEULADA is the elder daughter of Count and Countess Sanjust di Teulada, the noted Italian family. She was photographed in her family's house in the rue Octave Feuillet which contains many magnificent art treasures. Donna Paola's younger sister, the former Donna Francesca Sanjust di Teulada, is the wife of the Comte de Chandon de Briailles. Their beautiful house is in the avenue d'Orsay

the central figure of his display. Mme. de Sévigné pens her eloquent letters at a stationer's shop but . . . in an old engraving! A worldfamous diseuse, the late Mme. Yvette Guilbert, chooses the long black gloves that she always wore on the stage at a glove shop and Fraya, who was a celebrated seer, is, obviously, the central figure of an optologist's window.

EVERY year the crush at the charity book sale at the Salomon de Rothschild house in the rue Berryer becomes greater. I am never sure whether it is the famous authors or their equally (but differently) famous assistants who draw the greater number of admirers. Certainly M. Guy des Cars is a notable writer but would he have been obliged to autograph so many of his books if they had not been sold by Mlle. Gina Lollobrigida? M. Jean-Jacques Gautier, a most caustic dramatic critic who is also a novelist (and who certain rivals suggest might do well to apply his causticity to his own literary output) must have been glad of Mlle. Michèle Morgan's attractive presence at his elbow near the pile of novels that diminished all too slowly as the afternoon

Raison d'être



Sacha Guitry when asked whether he realized that Man is the only animal who can blush replied: "Certainly, since he is, very probably, the only animal who has reason

progressed. Mme. Paul Derval, whose husband is owner-manager of the Folies-Bergère, gave M. Jacques-Charles her support for the sale of his Cent Ans de Music Hall. This does not mean that the author is a hundred years old, but it does mean that he has a vivid memory, great imagination, and that he has read the Secrets Of A Showman by his friend, the late C. B. Cochran. M. Jacques-Charles is a great showman himself; during the last fifty years he has produced some of the finest spectacular entertainments that Paris has seen.

He is also, in his own right, spectacular! His book tells us he was born in 1882 but we find it difficult to believe that the tall, slim, active, dark-haired Parisian, without a wrinkle on his clean-shaven face, can really have spanned three-quarters of a century. I know many lovelies who wish that, as well as his interesting revelations anent le music 'all (English as she is pronounced) he would also reveal the secret, for their future benefit, of his miraculous youth.

A book has appeared recently that I find most stirring. It moves me profoundly. It is Maurice Goudeket's Près de Colette (Flammarion). The author was indeed "close to marion). The author was indeed "close to Colette" since, during the last thirty years of her long life, he was the constant companion on whom she so happily relied. He was her husband and she was able to call him: mon meilleur ami. I can think of no greater compliment, a compliment born of mutual tenderness and unders'tanding as well as love. This is a book for readers who really understand French and have read Colette in the original, for I have yet to find a translation of that great writer's work that is bearable



F. I. Goodman

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A beautiful French hostess in her Parisian home THE Vicomtesse d'Harcourt is the only daughter of the Vicomte and Vicomtesse d'Origny. Her husband, a son of the Marquis and Marquise d'Harcourt, is a member of one of France's oldest families. He has travelled extensively in Africa, recording African music. The Vicomtesse is seen in their most attractive apartment in the rue de l'Universite in Paris



The TATLER and Bystander, JUNE 20, 1956 642



"The Penn Family" painted by Myle Penn House was originally given to Da Penn and his wife Sybil Hampden, nurs Edward VI and Elizabeth I, by Henry Y



The cedar panelled dining-room with picture of the Glorious Firs. of Ju Below: The Long Parlour decorated eggshell blue. The furniture is Louis?

FAMILY SEAT OF THE CURZONS

Historic Penn House awakens from its utilitarian slumber

PENN HOUSE near Amersham, the home of Viscount and Viscountess Curzon (above), dates from 1536 and was enlarged in 1902. Early this year Viscount Curzon, the only son of the present Earl Howe, and his family returned to Penn which had been occupied by a school, and are busy getting the estate in order. Following his ancestor the first Earl Howe, victor of the Glorious First of June in 1794, when the French fleet was defeated off Ushant, Viscount Curzon joined the Royal Navy in 1927 and served through the war. Like his father he is a keen motorist, but his work as a County Councillor for Buckinghamshire and magistrate, as well as the task of running a 250-acre farm, which is part of the estate, leave him little time for competitive motoring



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Desmond O'Neill

The Hon. Charlotte Anne Curzon and the Hon. Mary Gaye Curzon (above), daughters of Viscount and Viscountess Curzon, aged eight and nine respectively. Below left: The white and gold music-room is hung with family portraits. Right: The drawing-room which is panelled in oak. The painting on the left is of Harriet, Countess Howe, sister of the celebrated Earl of Cardigan of Charge of the Light Brigade fame







At the Theatre

OEDIPUS COMES TO BLANKSHIRE

REUNION" "THE FAMILY (Phoenix Theatre). While his feminine relations, Mary (Olive Gregg), Agatha (Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies) and Lady Monchensey (Sybil Thorndike) minister to the tormented Harry (Paul Scofield), Dr. Warburton (Lewis Casson) finds the situation decidedly beyond the scope of the medical textbooks. Below, the Hon. Chas. Piper (David Horne), genial good trencherman. Drawings by Emmwood

ctors and producers in the jolly Edwardian days, and for A long after, were the despair of serious authors. They might, as readers, profess enormous admiration for plays that sought to lay bare the mysteries of the universe, but as men of the theatre they knew better than to put such plays on to the stage. The boot now seems to be on the other foot.

Mr. T. S. Eliot coolly depreciates The Family Reunion as an immature experiment in verse drama which served its purpose by teaching him how to write the kind of dialogue which brought The Cocktail Party to popular success. And the men of the theatre, Mr. Peter Brook and Mr. Paul Scofield, hold up their hands in

shocked protest. The experiment, they insist, created drama of a genuine momentousness, well fitted to bring their season at the Phoenix to a noble close. As for the defects all too frankly attributed by the author to his inexperience, in these they find an exciting challenge to a combined operation of theatrical cunning.

Let it be said at once that the combined operation is completely successful within the limits imposed by the play. I remember the original performance and others, but I never expect to see the play done better than it is now done at the Phoenix.

EVEN those who do not readily grasp what exactly Mr. Eliot is getting at are given all possible help by the actors, who speak most of the sinewy, analytic verse with a beautiful

expressiveness, and by the subtle changes of atmosphere which the producer introduces into the old country house where modern characters are enacting a Greek tragedy. The author blames himself retrospectively for having failed to adjust the ancient with the modern, but Mr. Brook succeeds in showing, I think, that it is not this failure which is at the root of the play's obscurity.

The obscurity of Browning has been explained by his modest refusal to believe that other people's minds did not move so fast as his own. Part of this play's difficulties come about, I believe, through Mr. Eliot's assumption that we have brooded as deeply as he himself has brooded on the theological doctrine of original sin. Ask the ordinary playgoer what he knows about this doctrine. The odds are that he will be highly pleased if he achieves the short dictionary definition, and he will be relieved to leave it at that.

If, remembering this, Mr. Eliot had insinuated a few simple theological explanations his play would lose nothing in the way of proper suspense and be easier to follow. As it is, the untheological playgoer is puzzled by a hero who is half uncertain whether he has pushed his wife off the deck of a ship but feels haunted by the Furies.

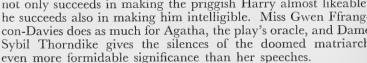
Not less puzzled, perhaps, when the hero, learning that his

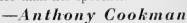
father wished to kill his mother and was only prevented from trying by the aunt who was his mistress, becomes aware that in him the guilty desires of a whole family have come to consciousness. Only when he has faced the truth that the Furies symbolize shall the family knot be unknotted, the cross uncrossed.

T is not self-evident that persistent inquiry into I an author's intentions is a means to imaginative grace, but this production makes it appear so. The method of expression at which it arrives is that of inspired compromise, with particularly resourceful handling of the transitions between the levels of speech, from active dialogue to the choral note of Delphic commentary. And where visual underlining is legitimate,

as in the delicate task of presenting the Furies, opportunity is confidently taken to sharpen the interest, though the temptation to melodramatic emphasis is firmly renounced.

Much of the burden of explaining what the author has not explained specifically enough falls on the actor, and Mr. Scofield not only succeeds in making the priggish Harry almost likeable: he succeeds also in making him intelligible. Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies does as much for Agatha, the play's oracle, and Dame Sybil Thorndike gives the silences of the doomed matriarch







LONG RUN PLAYER

ANNE CRAWFORD, who has had many star parts in films and on the television, is to take over the leading role of "Clarissa" in "The Spider's Web," Agatha Christie's thriller which has run at the Savoy Theatre for nearly two years. She will replace Margaret Lockwood, who, feeling in need of a rest, leaves the cast at the end of this week. On the same day that Miss Crawford joins the cast, Jack Melford will take over the part now being played by John Warwick



SILHOUETTE IN CRIME: Jean Gabin as Max, a gangster, in *Honour Among Thieves*, which opened at the Academy Cinema this month. It is a story of criminals fighting among themselves, with a definitely "crime does not pay" moral to the plot and a controlled dramatic performance from Gabin



FACE OF A KILLER: Donald Sinden has the strong role of a desperate and sadistic murderer in Eyewitness, which is far from his usual more debonair parts. With him are Muriel Pavlov, Belinda Lee, David Knight and other noted players. The film opens in London later in the summer



GEORGE GOBEL imitates the card sharper (David Niven) in The Birds And The Bees, a remake of the popular comedy The Lady Eve

At the Pictures

THE ROMANTIC ROBOT

If the gentlemen who devised the "mechanical brain" will go to see Forbidden Planet, they may learn something to our advantage. What's a mechanical brain but a mere cold calculator capable of solving, accurately and in a flash, complicated arithmetical problems? I've no desire at all to have one but, having seen M-G-M's gorgeous piece of science fiction hocuspocus, I do pine to possess a Robot—and so, I think, will you. Let us hope it's not beyond the ingenuity of our inventors to provide us with one.

Robby the Robot, the real star of the film, is out of this world—on the as yet undiscovered planet Altair-4, to be precise. He's not very elegant—looks rather like the Michelin-tyre man, cast in metal, and walks with a stiff waddle—but what a gem

of a creature to have around the house.

He speaks all known and several unknown languages and will, at the drop of a hint, run you up a delicious meal, a ravishing négligée, a string of emeralds, a set of atom-proof steel doors, twenty tons of sheet lead, or sixty gallons of matured whisky neatly bottled in convenient half-pints. He can do simply everything, except kill: something in his innards (a heart gentler than a human's—or just a safety device?) prevents him. Could anything be more useful and endearing—unless, of course, you have war or murder in mind?

Messrs. Leslie Nielsen, Warren Stevens and Jack Kelly, fine physical specimens, head an expedition to Altair and go whizzing through outer space in a flying saucer which makes a noise like a sewing machine. The date is two-thousand-and-something but the American idiom is unchanged: "There's Altair, right on the nose," reports the look-out man.

The object of this expedition is to discover whether all the members of a previous expedition, sent out twenty years before, have perished. The chaps learn, en route, that there is at least one survivor—Mr. Walter Pidgeon. He warns them, over the radio, not to land on Altair, but they do—in a Disney-ish landscape which elicits the comment, "The Lord sure did make some beautiful woilds."

Robby the Robot whooshes across the desert in a cute little skeleton jeep and takes Messrs. Nielsen, Stevens and Kelly to Mr. Pidgeon's exquisitely appointed house. Mr. Pidgeon, in a wizardy beard, introduces them to his motherless daughter, Miss Anne Francis, who was born on Altair and has never seen any man but Poppa: this, one suspects, will lead to some embarrassing exchanges and situations—and how right one is. But that is by the way.

Ever since all his companions of the first expedition were torn to pieces by an unseen monster, Mr. Pidgeon has been investigating the scientific wonders of the Krells, a remarkably advanced people who once inhabited Altair, but apparently took off from there a couple of million years ago, leaving behind nothing but 81,000 cubic miles of highly polished underground machinery.



Mr. Pidgeon, self-constituted guardian of the Krells' secrets, tells the earth-boys it's time to go home now: the monster will be after them if they stay. True enough, it turns up at the flying saucer and shreds two of the crew. It's invisible and indestructible: what on Altair can it be? Mr. Stevens, after a stolen go at the Krells' intellect-expanding machine, hits upon the answer: it's an emanation from Mr. Pidgeon's dark subconscious—a monster from the id.

This Freudian explanation gives a fine fantastic flourish to a film which—what with the Robot, ray-guns and those devilishly independent machines—will delight all science fiction addicts. Even I, who understand not a word of the mumbo-jumbo jargon, adored it.

"JACQUELINE," an agreeable if somewhat old-fashioned little picture, brings us down to earth with a gentle thud. Mr. John Gregson, a farm-hand, is driven by poverty to take a job in the Belfast shipyards. The heights at which he has to work make him dizzy (me, too) and he takes to the bottle. This is most distressing for his poor wife, Miss Kathleen Ryan, and their two children but great fun for the gossiping neighbours. Mr. Gregson is sacked from the yards and Miss Ryan contemplates leaving him: Jacqueline, the twelve-year-old daughter in whose eyes father can do no wrong, saves the situation.

Little Miss Jacqueline Ryan in the title rôle is infinitely appealing—a frail, pale moonbeam of a child. The dialogue has the rough, salty flavour of Belfast's back-streets—and Mr. Cyril Cusack contributes a killing study of a worm alcoholically inspired to turn.

The Birds And The Bees is the off-putting title given by Paramount to a remake of one of Mr. Preston Sturges's blither comedies, The Lady Eve. Mr. David Niven is now the jovial card sharper who practises his art aboard luxury liners, Miss Mitzi Gaynor is his enchanting and co-operative daughter, and a Mr. George Gobel is the dim-witted Hamburger millionaire earmarked for victimization.

The film, though in the full glory of High-Fidelity Vista-Vision, never quite comes up to the black-and-white original but is worth seeing for Miss Mitzi Gaynor's ravishing and sparkling performance. She is a darling girl.

-Elspeth Grant

RHONDA FLEMING, in the part of June Lyons in the Benedict Bogeaus Technicolor film Slightly Scarlet, suspects Ben Grace (played by John Payne) of being involved in crooked politics. The cast includes Arlene Dahl and the film is in the new Superscope system



GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA makes a new departure in the United Artists film *Trapeze*, directed by Sir Carol Reed, when she plays the part of a circus acrobat. Also starring in *Trapeze* are Burt Lancaster and Tony Curtis as the rivals for her affections

A SUSSEX HARBOUR

R. O. DUNLOP, R.A., is holding an exhibition at the Leger Galleries this month, in which a paint-ing of Itchenor (right) is one of the many attractive subjects. Mr. Dunlop, who has also written several books on aspects of painting, lives at Barham in Sussex



Elizabeth Bowen

Book Reviews

A CAUSTIC COMEDY OF THE HIGHLANDS

MARCHING WITH APRIL (Collins, 12s. 6d.) is Hugo Charteris's second novel—his first, A Share Of The World, attracted attention, and its successor seems likely to do the same. This time, the scene is the Highlands, though our hero's heart decidedly is not there. Lionel Spote, Londoner, is appalled when an uncle's death lands him with the estate of Rossiemurchat: he goes North with but one intention—to sell the place. Only to find himself neck-deep, poor young man, in every possible complication.

Rossiemurchat hits Lionel at a moment when he is already struggling for equilibrium. He is "a case," and knows it—has he not just emerged from a lengthy course of analysis, conducted by a ruthless German lady psychiatrist? He is an ex-prisoner of war, whose return home has landed him back again in the toils of an indefatigable Edwardian mother. (Mrs. Spote is a lady one longs to meet.)

JUNIOR member of a venerable publishing firm, he daily wades through MSS. of neurotic fiction—if he yields to hallucination, who can blame him? Already, he is more than half the prey of an ex-Mayfair existentialist spinster novelist. This is Lionel's London. The Highlands, one might have thought, should do much to blow such cobwebs away.

Far from it. Arrived at Rossiemurchat (after a dire journey) Lionel finds his own complexes waiting on the doorstep. Also, the heir is awaited by retainers, neighbours. Mrs. O'Shea, housekeeper, loses no time in making her personality felt: successions of batty dialogues with this lady are, indeed, high points in Marching With April.

"Mrs. O'Shea, when do the papers come?"
"Today's, will it be?"

"Well . . . yes."

"Tomorrow, except Saturdays."

Sir Duncan Fidge, progressive Conservative M.P., hovers over Lionel's first high tea, set on involving him with the Brackenator, which is to further Highland development. An

apparently empty Hillman whisks up the avenue, containing tiny but resolute Mr. Huish, factor. Alcoholic Hew Mackay of the cadets and the fanatical Rev. Abigail Skene have ready for the new laird their own private mare's-nests. Most ominous of all is the information that Lionel, at Rossiemurchat, "marches with April." What, or who, is she? What does this involve?

April is no less than Mrs. Gunter-Sykes, six-foot amazon. We are told:

Her voice could carry from one end of a grouseline to another and even for her prematurely ageing son rang as curt as for pointers. She shot well both scatter and solo, and could lay a salmon line against the wind, with a noise like a sjambok,

28th annual exhibition of advertising art

so that it marked the water strict-a line pencilled along an invisible vast ruler. Annually she moved, like certain tribes of long ago, in the wake of game, her cycles broken only by peaks of the London season such as Lord's or Ascot which she attended with a brazen authority, that shed no deference to the changed atmosphere of England.

She stood now on the Fluach face breast high amid her domestic bracken; weatherbeaten but powdered.... In her hand was a shepherd's crook seven-foot tall and on her head a deerstalker of the same tweed as her plus-eights.

With this lady, Lionel is unfortunate in sharing the River Fluach, and still more so (at a crisis) in falling into it. And even were it not for the Brackenator, to which Sir Duncan wins Lionel over, conflicts over a wide range would be inevitable. Unexpected ally is Laura, April Gunter-Sykes's dumb but lovely, far too disturbing daughter.

COMPLICATIONS multiply. Mrs. Spote arrives at Rossiemurchat with the family lawyer in her pocket, puts a spoke in Lionel's wheel as to selling the place, but looks with sinister favour on the romance. Lizz, the existentialist novelist, also arrives to stay, but is routed by the pro-Laura faction. Marching With April is really an agonizing comedy.

Nor is this novel comedy purely. (Nothing, for instance, could be less like the Compton Mackenzie Highland funcof the Monarch Of The Glen series.) Mr. Charteris gives grim situations a witty twist; fance has an edge cf sombreness, laughter a note of fury. He is not only one of the most brilliant but one of the most incalculable of our postwar novelists— his generation, viewing the postwar scene, have no use for comfortably blinkered humour. I should call him a romantic anti-romantic. Marching With April offers high entertainment: you may also find that this book bites deep.

"DESIGN IN ADVERTISING" is the subject of a current exhibition at the R.B.A. Galleries in Suffolk Street. It includes work by the leading graphic artists from eleven countries. This poster is by an American artist, Mr. Joseph Binder of New York

MAGDALEN KING-HALL'S 18TH CENTURY STORY (Peter Davies, 12s. 6d.) shows its author's hand at its surest. Long have we recognized Miss King-Hall's gift for being at home in the period which, on this occasion, gives her novel its name. And now, taking off from an Irish setting, she re-tells a real life story-one known, by rumour, to those of us who are familiar with County Cork. Lord Kingston's avenging of his daughter's honour, back in 1798, and his subsequent exculpation by his peers in the Irish House of Lords, is a legend which forever haunts the terrain of the now vanished Mitchelstown Castle. Miss King-Hall colours this on the human

What was the outlook, and what the fate, of well-bred young ladies who stooped to folly? Poor little Mary King, of the beautiful hair, loved too well her handsome married cousin, Colonel Fitzgerald: punitive exile, under the rain-swept Galtees, followed-and seventeenyear-old innocence, to the end, somehow overbore the taint of disgrace. . . . A fact not known to many (including me) was that among the governesses who streamed through this lordly family was Mary Wollstonecraft, that early feminist intellectual who became the mother of Mary Shelley. Mitchelstown, and its extravagant goings-on, is shown as seen through Miss Wollstonecraft's disapproving eyes-this is accomplished neatly, with glints of humour. Good reading throughout.

THE SECOND MAN (Chatto and Windus, 13s. 6d.) should add to the already considerable reputation of Edward Griersonauthor of Reputation For A Song. This time interest centres around the personality of a woman barrister, Marion Kerrison, who at the outset of her career at the Bar joins the circuit in a big Yorkshire town. Her arrival is something of a sensation, and for some time she is dogged by unsought publicity. Is her sex to be seen as a handicap, or otherwise? Interest heightens, and one can hardly wonder, when Marion is given the defence brief in a notorious murder case.

She could hardly have a more difficult hand to play: up and up mounts the case against the accused, Maudsley-an awkward, outrageous, returned Australian, nephew of a rich spinster in the neighbourhood. And the man himself is his own worst enemy. Though Jane Birman, companion to the victim, an unfortunate old lady, proves hardly less of an enemy. Jane, as a witness, cannot be broken down, and her evidence heads Maudsley for the gallows. Why should Marion Kerrison, so coolheaded, be unshaken in her belief in the man's innocence? The prisoner if anything repels her-this cannot therefore be sentiment: is it intuition?

The chapters leading up to the trial are excellent. The lengthy court scene itself is, I think, a masterpiece. Though we have many court scenes in fiction, what seems to me most remarkable in The Second Man is the showing of what goes on in the background, the close, grilling, detailed, exhausting work put in by Marion Kerrison on the defence brief, and the dire emotional strain involved by the case.

Yugoslavia, again open to tourism, once I again entices through traveller literature. WHERE THE TURK TROD, by Anthony Rhodes (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 18s.), is, however, something quite out of the general run -partly because of the personality of its author,



A venerated figure of the theatre, Edward Gordon Craig, son of Ellen Terry, was made a Companion of Honour in the Queen's Birthday Honours. Now aged eighty-four, he started his career as an actor in Henry Irving's company, but subsequently gave up acting in order to devote all his time to propagating his views on stage design and the art of the theatre, which have had enormous influence. This photograph was taken at his home in the South of France, where he has now lived for many years



"RAISE YOUR

INVITATION TO FAIRY-TALE LAND



Peter Heering, the present owner, with the famous shooting plaque

 $A^{{\it TEAM}~of~three}$ —Fashion Editress, photographer, and model (ballet dancer Jean Quick) — flew to Copenhagen at the invitation of the famous firm of Cherry Heering to take unusual fashion photographs at their distillery and in the country outside. They found a truly fairy-tale country, of blossom, bright paint, and everywhere the tang of the sea, inhabited by a people who cherish their background and love their country, at peace with themselves and the world. On a visit to the Heering museum were seen objects from the firm's earliest days (it dates from 1818) including the writing desk of the founder - great grandfather of Peter Heering who owns the firm today which appears in this photograph



by Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez

Fashion Editress

N the balcony of the Cherry Heering Distillery in Copenhagen, a shot sea-green pure silk dress (opposite page, top), with a lilac rose print by Susan Small. Price 15 gns. at Elizabeth March. Eric's goose quilled lilac boater. Next to it is Susan Small's evening dress in grey organza mounted on a white tulle underskirt, very full. The top is embroidered in multicoloured pastel shades and has a high neck and turn back sleeves. Price 41 gns. at Browns, Chester. The lovely white chiffon short evening dress with a very full skirt and swathed bodice, by Elizabeth Henry, was taken in the cellars of the distillery against the famous vats which have existed since 1818. Approx. 26 gns. at Rocha, Grafton Street. Below: Sylvia Mills's pure silk suit in light beige with a branch motif in white and black. Approx. 20 gns. at Rocha. Hat by Vernier. The photographs were taken by Tony Armstrong Jones

GLASSES, GENTLEMEN"





THESE photographs, taken in the orchards of the world-famous Cherry Heering Distillery outside Copenhagen, show clothes as frothy and delicate in colour and texture as the cherry blossom itself. Above: A terylene organza evening dress by Atrima in pale blue and turquoise, flowered in two shades of grey. With it comes a wide and long turquoise tulle stole. This is an enchanting dress for a hot summer evening. The dress and stole cost $10\frac{1}{2}$ gns. and are obtainable at Harrods, Knightsbridge

"LOVELIEST OF TREES THE



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A CHARMING dress from Susan Small (above) in ribbed two-toned pink satin cotton, striped, with a knife-pleated skirt. The collar and cuffs of the shirt top are embroidered with small pearls and silver strands. This dress costs 12 gns. at leading London stores

DIAPHANOUS light blue printed dress (right) in sun-ray pleated nylon organza, also from Susan Small. The dress is petticoated with white tulle and ribbed with lime green to tone with the print. It has a swathed boat neck and cap sleeves, and is available at the price of $17\frac{1}{2}$ gns. from Fenwicks





FURS IN A ROYAL CAPITAL

THE bearskin of the Guardsman outside the Christian-borg Palace in Copenhagen contrasts with Tico's Canadian wild mink cape (below) which has a pleated front stole effect. Crownless hat in pure white tulle by Vernier and gloves by Pinkham. Right: in the tasting room of the famous Cherry Heering distillery, Tico's fabulous three-stranded long circular Arctic fox stole, worn with Vernier's white hat in melusine. Gloves again by Pinkham







SMART TRAVELLERS

Chic with toughness for the out-of-doors

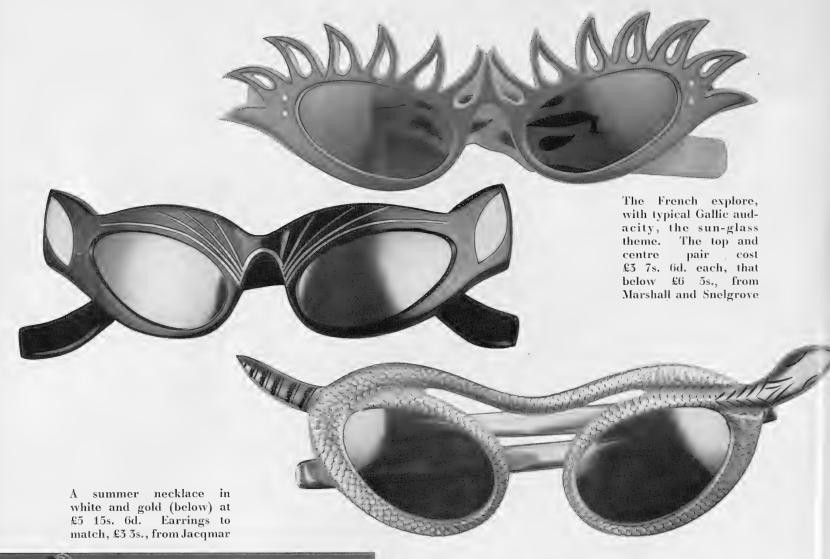
CASUAL and smart, Burberry's threequarter length coat in deep honeycoloured suede is perfect for motoring to the coast, for a country weekend or for a holiday journey (opposite page). It is roomy enough to wear over a suit, and the sleeves can be turned back. Price 18 gns. Worn with it is a slim, tweed, over-checked skirt, in a pastel mixture of misty mauves, blues and greens. Price £6 16s. 6d. With the same skirt is Burberry's weatherproof jacket (this page) in cotton gabardine, faced with gay tattersall check. Price £9 19s. 6d. The car is a dual-toned Sunbeam Saloon

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK











Styled for midsummer

HERE we show the Summer Story in a variety of lighthearted accessories, in the way of jewellery, the newest eye-wear, stole, and evening bag, and fragrance and refreshment for the rooms—JEAN CLELAND





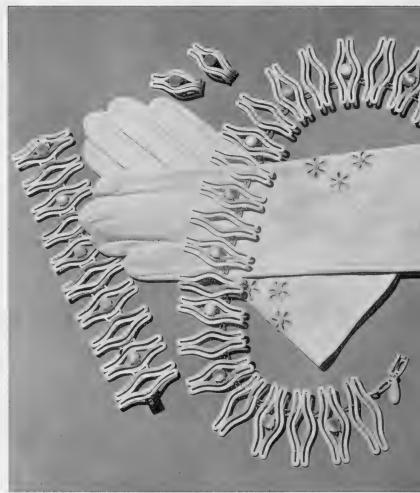


A beautiful hand-painted French silk stole, price £4 12s. 6d. Lilac rayon gloves, price 14s. 6d. Both obtainable at Finnigans, Bond St.



This black suede evening bag, hand embroidered in coloured beads, price £3 5s. from Fortnum and Mason. Practical, washable white gloves with diamante, price £2 12s. 6d. From Finnigans

Right: embroidered navy and white gloves, price £2 5s. From Finnigans, and a very unusual white metal necklace (£6 19s. 6d.), bracelet (£4 9s. 6d.) and earclips (£1 19s. 6d.) with blue stones. Stocked by Fortnum and Mason



Dennis Smith



Beauty

Feeding the skin

Jean Cleland

"Strange," said a colleague to me at a press party given by Gayelord Hauser, "this idea of putting the foods we eat on to our faces, as well as into them." Strange indeed, but we were agreed that there seems a good deal to be said for it.

The idea is not altogether a new one, since there are already a number of highly effective preparations—some of which I will recall to you later—containing edible foods. Gayelord Hauser, however, has carried the whole thing a step further with the result that, with a scientific approach, he now turns beauty inside out, or outside in, whichever way you like to look at it.

This famous expert on health maintains that, to obtain real radiance, the skin should be given external as well as internal diet, and that the two should go hand in hand, one with the other. Some of the foods that nourish it from within should be used at the same time to nourish it from without. Thus you get the necessary vitamins working together from two different angles.

To this end, Gayelord Hauser has created a set of beauty preparations containing different foods, oils and extracts, the chief among them being yoghourt. Those who have followed his

teachings (and they must be legion) know that this is something which he swears by for the maintenance of health. It can now be used for beautifying the complexion.

For cleansing a greasy skin, and use on the body, there is a Yoghourt Soap. A yoghourt cream is recommended for nourishing a dry skin, and there is a yoghourt liquid cream for nourishing the body. This liquid can also be used on the face for nourishing a greasy skin.

In addition to these, there is a dry skin cleanser, made from carefully selected oils, and an Eglantine Lotion made to a formula from extract of wild rose hips. Also a skin food made to another special formula, from extract of carrots. An Omol Cream, containing oestrogen, completes the range, and this is recommended for all women over thirty, to prevent wrinkles.

Those of you who have not studied the Gayelord Hauser table of vitamins may like



A STILL LIFE WITH A BRIDAL THEME. The beautiful wedding bouquets were arranged by Lady Cory-Wright and the pottery designed by Phyllis Hartnell, sister of Norman Hartnell, whose sketches for wedding dresses hang above the flowers. Both bouquets and pottery are available at Fresh Flowers, Ltd., in Davies Street, W.1

to see where the yoghourt, vegetables (carrots), extracts and oils link up in the internal diet. Here is how they are set out:

For a firm skin. Proteins—meat, fish, cheese, eggs, milk, dried skim milk, brewers' yeast, wheat germ.

To avoid a dry skin. Vitamins A and D—dried skim milk, cod liver oil, calf's liver, fresh fruit and vegetables, butter.

For supple skin and fresh complexion. Vitamin B—brewers' yeast, wheat germ, tablets of vitamin B compound, yoghourt, fortified milk, black molasses, liver.

To prevent wrinkles. Vitamin C—tablets of vitamin C, citrus fruits, green vegetables and peppers.

 \mathbf{I}^{T} is impossible to list here all the excellent preparations which are made from our daily foods, and which include extracts from fruits, vegetables, oils, and other foods included in our daily diet. I can only suggest a few that have proved extremely beneficial.

Egg is a well-known beautifier for both the hair and the complexion, and various beauty firms and hairdressers make good use of this. To mention just two preparations from a fairly wide

selection, there is Richard Hudnut's enriched Creme Shampoo with egg, which is a concentrated egg formula that works in even the hardest water, and Maria Hornès Egosil, so beautifully enriching for the skin and for smoothing away lines and wrinkles from the face.

Juice of cucumber and honey are both good for the skin, and can be had in the shape of preparations for softening the hands. Yardley's make a feature of oatmeal, which is the base of a lovely complexion soap, and you can also get a very good oatmeal face pack made by Rimmel which is very effective. Lemon has long been recognized as one of the best things for whitening the skin and hands; you can get it in creams, or use the juice alone.

Lastly there is Coty's range of beauty preparations from the oil of avocado pears. These are specially recommended for the young girl, and for all whose complexions are dry and



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"THORN APPLE," from "A Book of Wild Flowers" (Bruno Cassirer, Oxford, 35s.). This superb work, with 160 plates after watercolours by Elsa Felsko, falls into the heirloom class, and is the perfect solution of an "anniversary gift" problem



Book reviews

(continuing from page 649)

his wit, sense of the past, flair for the curious; partly because Mr. Rhodes's interests were specific. He concentrated, during months of a summer, on Yugoslavia's two Moslem provinces, Bosnia and Herzegovina.

How do Tito's Moslems react to the New Order? Mr. Rhodes's curiosity, as he went along, was human (and thus, infectious) rather than political. Nor were his observations confined to this. Deeply, enjoyably did he enter into the atmosphere of these two provinces, and effectively does he open them up to us. Landscape, manners of living, architecture spring to the eye of the reader: the written word is enlarged upon by photographs taken by the author's brother.

Animals figure no less than humans. They enliven even the metaphors and similes—the lovely bridge of Mostar, for instance, seems "to leap across the river in one single quivering arch, like a young stag." There is the mild horse with the absent-minded addiction to scraping its rider off against walls; there is the goat Mr. Rhodes presented with a biscuit—"its face lit up." Most touching of all is the vegetarian bear, so large that it looked like a cow, fired on during bear-hunting with the gendarmerie.

Yugoslavia's own recent official brochures invite the traveller to marvel at signs of progress, miracle evidence of the Five Year Plan. Our author inspected one vast dam, due shortly to inundate several villages. In one of those doomed, where he spent the night, the Faithful were wailing a farewell to their mosque.

On the whole, however, a railway bridge upside down (it would not have held for a moment the right way up) seemed to him more in keeping with the locality. Then, also, there were the celebrities: at Sarajevo one may have the honour of conversing with the first cousin of the 1914 assassin. . . . You or I, more bound to the beaten track, should salute this record of enterprise—Where The Turk Trod.

Angela Thirkell now, in NEVER TOO LATE (Hamish Hamilton, 13s. 6d.), picks up the threads of Barsetshire destinies at a particularly lifelike moment. *Nothing* particular, that's to say, is happening—and only the psychologist of a country neighbourhood would realize the particular charm of this. When I say nothing is happening, I don't suggest for a minute that nothing is going on. And in her depiction of what goes on, Mrs. Thirkell is at the top of her happy form.

Young Edith Graham, home again after a streamlining visit to New York, is still no more than contemplating marriage in the abstract. What she does do is spend a weekend with Mrs. Morland, authoress; the two go to luncheon with old Lord Bond, who presents a necklace for reasons connected with a long-ago love. And this is in tone with the general trend of this novel: Never Too Late spotlights autumnal faces. There are two proposals of marriage, but both addressed to ladies towards the end of their middle years. Really (if I may so far give away the plot) I could have slapped Mrs. Morland for saying "No" to that dear, agreeable banker peer—do we not all, surely, share the Jane Austen wish to see any deserving female respectably settled?

There's a cricket match; there's a call paid on an almost appallingly well-organized young couple; there's an old squire's gentle death (a relief all round) and there's the usual wonderful beastly weather. Our next "Thirkell" must catch up with last summer's heat-wave.

DISQUIET AND PEACE William Cooper

'It is all very real. . . . The reader closes the book feeling satisfied.' PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON. Book Society Recommendation.

THE MEMOIRS OF A CROSS-EYED MAN **James Wellard**

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THE COST OF LIVING Kathleen Farrell

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THE DEEP OF THE **EARTH**

Luther Thomas

joyful novel-although set against the sombre background of the great Welsh mining disaster in

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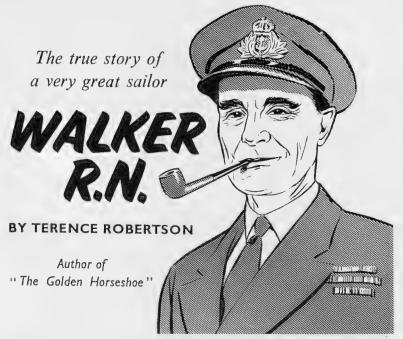
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CASSELL * ********

Motoring

A LEVER THAT THINKS

y threat that I would make compara-If threat that I would make compara-tive road trials of automatic and semi-automatic transmission systems now on the British market is in process of execution, and today I shall deal with another semi-automatic transmission: the Manumatic. It was fitted to the Armstrong Siddeley 236 6-cylinder, four-light saloon, and first a few comments on the car itself are required. Its engine, of 2,309 c.c., is an overhead valve unit developed from the engine that won popularity in the Hurricane. Its behaviour is impeccable; it is smooth-running, quiet and flexible. The lines of the car itself are elegant and the shape of the grille, with the levelling of bonnet top and wing tops, gives the fashionable squasheddown-front effect without exaggerating it.

Armstrong Siddeley have always contrived a pleasant interior to their cars and the panelling and instrument layout are attractive. The car has overdrive and the switch is carried on an

the switch is carried on an arm, just under and to the right of the steering wheel, where it can be flicked with a finger of the right hand. The driving position is comfortable and the view is unobstructed over a wide arc. The steering, of the recirculatory ball type, is heavy at low speeds, but is accurate and easy at high.

AND now I must turn to the Manumatic transmission.

It is a form of automatic gear changing. The driver must put the gear lever into the position he desires; but everything else is done for him. There is no clutch pedal and when the driver moves the gear lever the automatic system takes charge of engine speed, clutch operation and gear change.

The device was new to me and this may have prejudiced my impressions. It is certain that I found the system to fall short of what I had expected.

It is true, as the makers of this transmission system claim, that the gear lever can be moved to any position at any time and the Manumatic "mechanical brain" will see to it that a noiseless change is made. Shortly after I had moved off I did manage to clash the gears; but how I did it is a mystery and I could not do it again, although I tried very hard. For the rest one can keep the right foot fully down and accelerate through the gears simply by moving the lever—a handy, centrally disposed lever—to the different positions.

It is uncanny how the engine adjusts its rotational speed (the right foot being kept hard down all the time) and the new gear goes in and the drive takes up again. For changing down the process seems less magical because the speeding up of the engine (foot still hard down) appears as a

natural response. There can be no question of the brilliant engineering of this Manumatic transmission. It thinks for the driver.

Nevertheless, I come back to the fact that it did not win my unqualified approval.

READERS may recall that when I first tried the Rolls-Royce fully automatic gearbox I had to point to some of the things in which, as it seemed to me, it fell short of the same car with the ordinary gearbox. But full automaticity is one thing; and semi-automaticity is another. Most drivers are ready to pay a small price for full automaticity because of its advantages in traffic; but fewer are ready to pay a price for semi-automaticity.

With the Manumatic the gear lever is,

With the Manumatic the gear lever is, and must be, highly sensitive to the touch. The moment the hand falls upon it the change gear sequence is begun, the mechanical brain takes over

mechanical brain takes over from the driver and regulates the engine speed. So the first habit to be eliminated, if you switch from an ordinary gear-box to the Manumatic, is that of placing your hand on the gear lever before the moment to change. You must also be careful that your passenger does not jog the lever or let a bag fall on it; for, if that happens, the mechanical brain takes over unexpectedly and, with foot still hard down, you

may find the engine fading on you.

All these things are soon understood and the new driving habits are soon acquired. I must not over-emphasize them.

Note also that the Manumatic control does not send the car price soaring. The Armstrong Siddeley 236 with Manumatic and overdrive, as I tried it, now costs only £979 basic or £1,469 17s. with

This is only £30 more than the same car with synchromesh.

None can deny the engineering and design brilliance of the Manumatic control; none can question its unerring effectiveness in action. If, then, I have seemed cold about its merits, it must be put down in some measure to the question in logic of whether it is worth going halfway towards automaticity. That question I shall discuss further in a future article, because Armstrong Siddeley have been kind enough to let me take over the fully automatic Sapphire and so to have an opportunity of comparing immediately and directly the two systems. But if comparisons are to be made; the hard facts of first cost should not be forgotten and in that field Manumatic scores heavily.



In Ayrshire a Concours d'Elegance was held at the Turnberry Hotel. Above: the Countess of Eglinton presenting the third prize to Mlle. Therese Lamour, of Cannes, which she won with Mr. C. E. W. Sleigh



A Rolls-Royce entry in front of the judges' table during the Grand Prix d'Honneur

Miss Anne Motherwell with the trophy which she won with Mr. J. O. L. Melvin in a 1956 Hillman



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DINING IN

Men in the kitchen

Those dealing with the foods of other lands have been appearing in an ever-swelling spate. And now, the latest one comes from America.

The Esquire Cookbook (Frederick Muller, 25s.), with its many humorous illustrations in colour, is thoroughly in keeping with its parent magazine. It is intended, primarily, for men—"the pioneering male with a taste for fine food"—and the authors proceed, quite rightly, on the assumption that those who buy the book know nothing whatever about cooking and, because men will be boys, however serious the subject, even the dullest basic information is thrown out in a happy, carefree way. The most elementary matters—the little things that every woman knows—are carefully explained in great detail.

"Tools of the Trade" are dealt with first. Like all men, Esquire believes in the kitchen being adequately equipped. And why not? Everything that "opens and shuts" is installed in the offices of business men in the United States and, in a country where women pretty well lead, kitchens are equipped beyond the dreams of any housewife here.

lead, kitchens are equipped beyond the dreams of any housewife here. Esquire's list of "basic" utensils is a formidable one, including plural pans, "skillets" and casseroles and, under the heading "Kettles," I find one of "6- to 12-quart size" and (a curious slip-up) "1 Dutch oven or cocotte," which is explained as "a deep iron kettle, about 4½-quart capacity, with a tight-fitting lid." Dutch oven, indeed! A pity, this. The chances are, however, that the younger generation, at least, has never even heard of, let alone seen, the old Dutch oven of the past.

The recipes? American dishes are quite international, based, as they are, on those of almost every other country in the world. The difference, of course, is that early settlers, not finding the exact ingredients of their home lands, adopted and adapted what was available on the spot, and in so doing created a *cuisine* which is exciting but, at times, a little too "mixed" compared with our own simpler fare.

Here, for instance, are Veal "Sandwiches":

Boil white rice as an accompaniment. Flatten 1 lb. choice veal slices to \$\frac{1}{2}\$-in, thickness. Cut the slices into rounds, about the size of a coffee cup. Dip the rounds lightly into flour; then brown them quickly and briefly in hot butter; remove from pan. Top half the browned veal rounds with thin slices of proscuitto (Italian ham) and thin slices of Bel Paese cheese, then put the remaining half of the veal rounds on top to make "sandwiches." Return to skillet and cook over low flame until veal is tender, ham hot, and cheese bubbly but not melting out of shape. Meantime, in another pan, melt \$\frac{1}{4}\$ lb. butter; add a pinch each of tarragon and rosemary, plus salt and pepper. Brown the butter, then add \$\frac{1}{4}\$ cup white wine; bring to the simmering point. Put a layer of cooked white rice on the serving platter; put veal "sandwiches" on top of the rice; pour the bubbling sauce over all. Serve promptly.

I suppose that some men might appreciate "Drunks' Soup"?

For 1 large hangover, put in a pan, over a medium low flame, 1 cup sauerkraut juice and 1 cup water. Add about a cupful of cabbage, cut up fine, and 2-3 frankfurters, cut in thin slices. Cover the pan and cook for 1½ hours. Meantime, cut up two or three shallots fine, using the green as well as the white part. Melt 2 tablespoons butter or lard in a skillet; then sauté the shallots gently until they're soft but not brown. Stir in 2 tablespoons flour, some salt, and plenty of pepper or paprika. Keep stirring while you pour in a little of the sauerkraut soup—about ½ cup, or enough to make a sauce out of the butter-flour mixture. Now dump the skillet contents into the soup pot, stir to make sure the flour is smooth, and bring to a boil. If your hangover hasn't vanished during the cooking, it will during the eating.

Esquire says that "there's no such thing as a 'cooking wine.' . . . If you want your dish to be good enough to eat, make sure the wine you use in cooking is good enough to drink."

—Helen Burke

DINING OUT

The wines of Arbois

ALWAYS there is an excitement in drinking a fine wine in the locality where it was born, among people who have known its history from its birth.

If the circumstances are so unusual that you find yourself about to open a bottle which has waited for one hundred years to breathe once again the soft air of the vineyards where it was grown, the occasion becomes momentous.

What wine unless it was fortified could possibly be worth drinking at one hundred years of age? Possibly only two: the Vin Jaune of Arbois, or Château Chalon which is nearby, in the Department of the Jura in the Province of Franche-Comté. Both of these wines can be kept for an astonishing number of years in cask and both have a strange affinity to the sherries of Spain, getting stronger and darker as they grow older and finishing up a golden yellow. They are also extremely dry with a flavour bearing no resemblance to any other wine.

It was a bottle of Vin Jaune one hundred years old which I shared with the Molliet family who own and conduct one of my favourite hotels in one of my favourite towns, the Hotel des Messageries at Arbois in the Jura

As a gesture to our long friendship they had kept for my arrival in 1956 their last bottle of "Vin Jaune Vieille Réserve du Relais des Messageries 1856." The wine proved to be incredibly dry, but still retained great strength and flavour.

Cogitating on these matters I was reading what Warner Allen had to say about the wines of the Jura and what Charles Williams, a director of the famous sherry shippers, Williams and Humbert, had to say about sherry, when Gilbert Molliet came over to say that another Englishman had just arrived in Arbois. He described him as "a wine man" and said his name was Williams. Fantastic though it may sound it was, in fact, Charles Williams in person; and I later had pleasure in introducing him to his first experience of Vin Jaune, although a comparatively young one, vintage 1928.

Many other wines are produced in the area of Arbois and outstanding progress has been made by Henri Maire of the Château Montfort who has converted hundreds of acres of rough and uncultivated land into flowering and prosperous vineyards. He is also responsible for producing a Vin d'Arbois from the small vineyard purchased by Pasteur in 1874, where he carried out his famous experiments on the fermentation of the

In 1935 it became the property of La Société des Amis de la Maison Natale de Pasteur and the concession to work the vineyard was granted to Henri Maire.

An interesting point is that the wine is never sold to anybody, a label on each bottle stating in effect that "it is not desired that wine from the Cave of the Great Scientist should enter commercial circles...." I was given three bottles.

There are rich foods to be had in Arbois, Monsieur Leon Déloge, maître chef de cuisine of the Hotel des Messageries since 1936, taking great pleasure in attacking the rather delicate stomachs of les Anglais with such delights as Poulet de Bresse au Vin Jaune et aux Morilles à la Creme, which will cost you 580 francs, or Truite Farcie du Pere Jérôme, at about the same price. The Brochet de la Love, which is pike from a local river, is served cold with a special mayonnaise and is excellent at 350 francs. All these I tried with some of the local wines, of which there are over fifty on the wine list, some of them almost unknown outside the locality.

My dyspepsia has become acute, so away back to England for some Cheddar cheese, hard-baked water biscuits, and half a bitter.

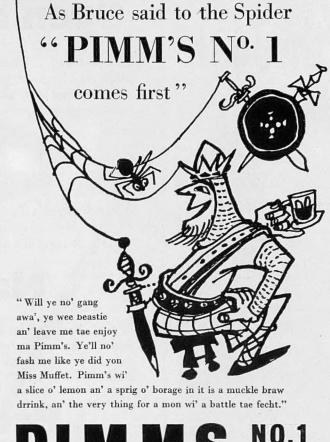
—I. Bickerstaff

A MASTER OF

M. LEON DELOGE has been maître chef de cuisine of the Hotel des Messageries at Arbois in the Jura since 1936. His rich and delicious dishes are described in the accompanying article

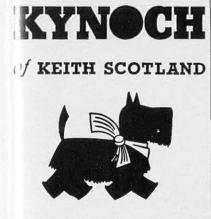


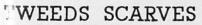




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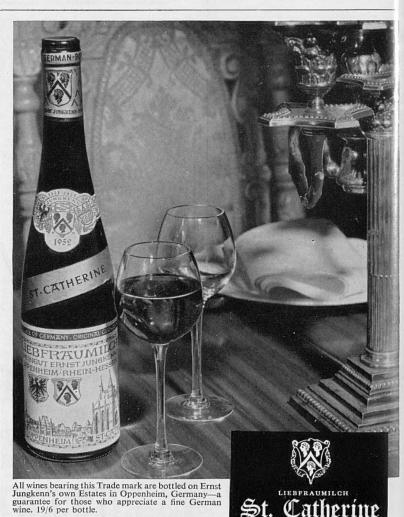
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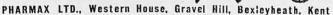


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* Extract from a newspaper

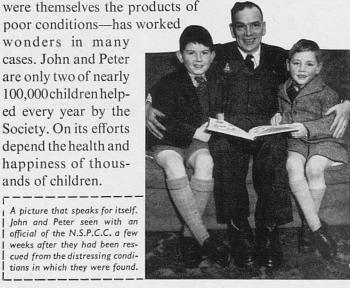
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A picture that speaks for itself. John and Peter seen with an official of the N.S.P.C.C. a few weeks after they had been rescued from the distressing conditions in which they were found.



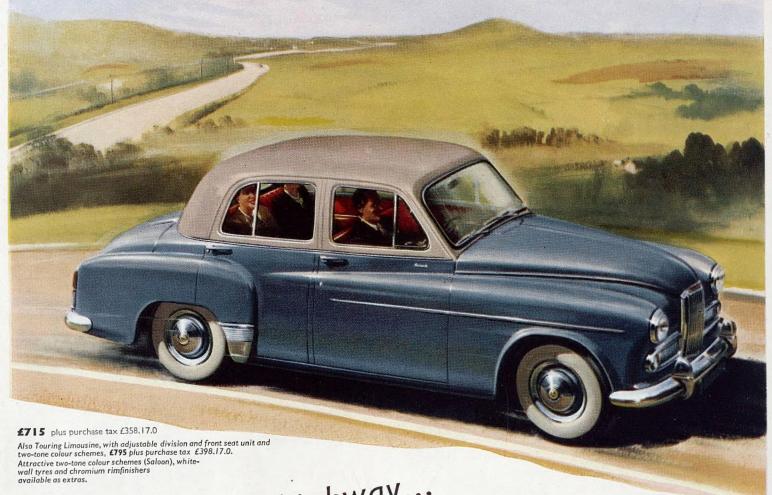
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